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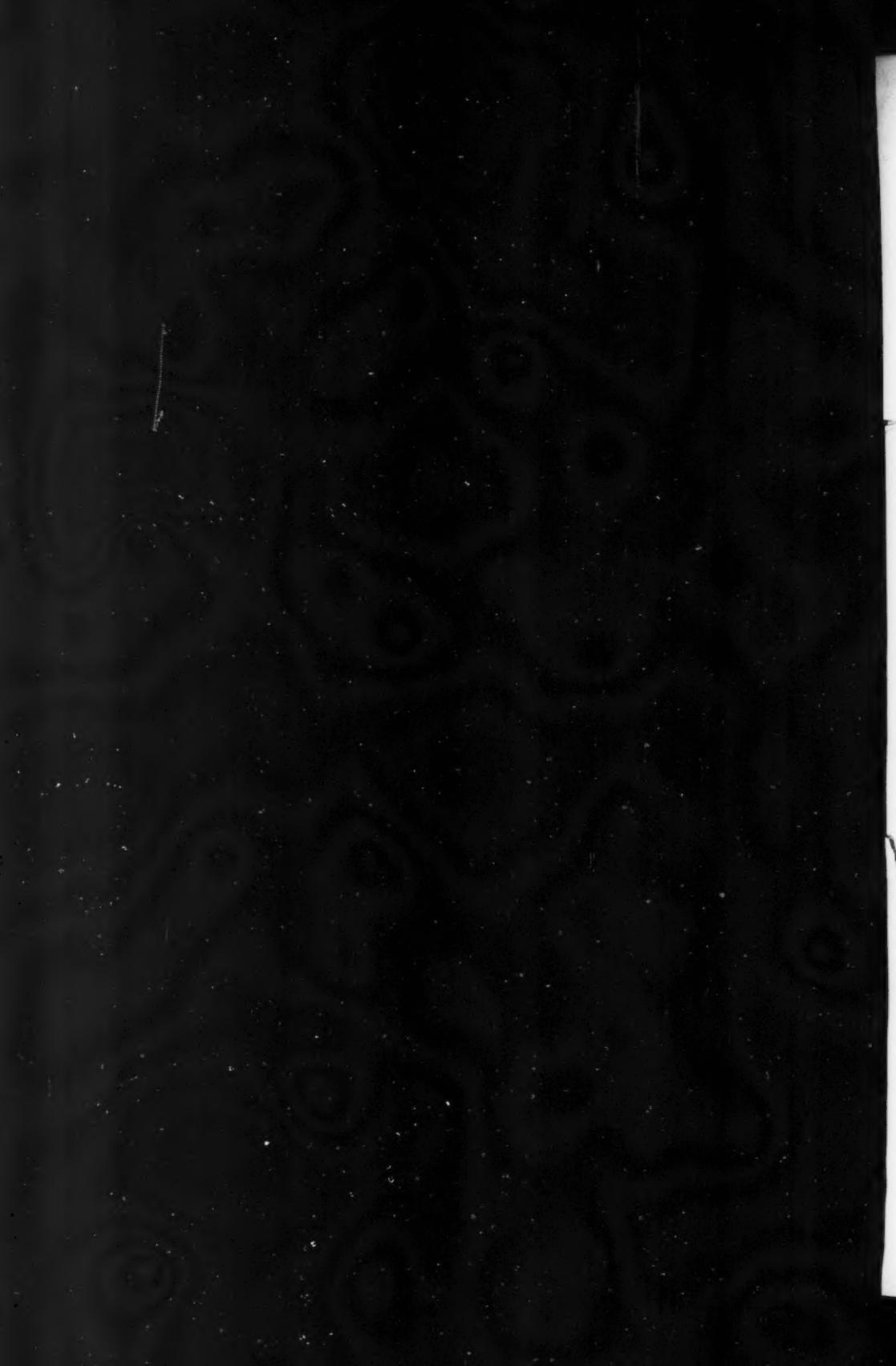
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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THE WINTER SEA.

THE gladness of sunshine and summer
Has perished, and Nature's afret,
For winter, a surly new-comer,
Is ruling with hoar coronet;
The woodlands are weary and lonely,
And winter, unfettered and free,
Lies not in the landward ways only,
But sways all the sea.

The sea that we loved in the May-time,
And worshipped in rose-covered June,
That glimmered and glowed in the daytime,
Low lisping her languorous tune;
Her voice has grown careworn and hollow,
The sunlight has died on her brow;
Her tides that the gulls once did follow
Are desolate now!

Those slow tides that, slumb'rous and dream-
ing,
Lay under yon cliff cleft and hoar,
When the red ray of summer was gleaming,
Now break with a rush and a roar,
Or murmur in infinite sadness,—
Can *these* be the tides we did see,
When we laughed with the summer in glad-
ness,
Light-hearted and free?

No yachts on the sea, but a steamer
That's ploughing its wearisome way;
No soul on the beach, but a dreamer
In love with the desolate bay;
No blue in the sky, but the firmer
Black belt of a cloud boding rain;
No joy in the waves, but the murmur
As of men in their pain.

No soft summer wind, but the bluster
Of gusts from the northernmost height;
No bird-life at all, but a cluster
Of seagulls reluctant of flight;
No life in the port, but a dreary
Dark atmosphere everywhere;
No joy in my heart, but the weary
Wild winter of care!

Spectator.

FRED. J. COX.

FAIR FLOW'RS OF MAY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME COLLET.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLOTTE SWIFT.

FLOW'RS red and blue,
Bath'd by the dew
Of May-day fair,
Gladly I greet
Your perfumes sweet,
Borne on the air!

With garlands bright
Each field is dight;
How modestly
Wee daisies pied
Dwell close beside
The verdant lea!

The corn-flow'r set
Her coronet
'Midst fields of wheat;
On upland fells
Wave lily-bells
Their clusters sweet.

While eglantine
Doth here incline
Its snowy flow'rs,
The sweet-brier weaves
Green fragrant leaves
'Mid jasmine bow'rs.

Periwinkle's
Blue eye twinkles
'Neath cypress shade;
Where brooklets flow
Narcissi grow
In mossy glade.

Flow'rs red and blue,
Bath'd by the dew
Of May-day fair,
Gladly I greet
Your perfumes sweet
Borne on the air!

BEYOND THE MIST.

Out of the mist the river glides to us,
Glides like a phantom strange and marvellous
Out of the mist.

Into the mist the river passes on,
With inarticulate murmur flows anon
Into the mist.

And yet, perchance, upon its infant rills
Fair shone the sun amid the cradling hills
Before the mist.

And when at last the full flood nears the main,
Perchance a glory crowns it yet again,
Beyond the mist.

Academy. JOHN W. HALES.

THE BIRD'S FAITH.

WHAT matters it though life uncertain be
To all? What, though its goal
Be never reached? What, though it fail and
flee?

Have we not each a soul?

A soul that quickly must arise and soar
To regions far more pure,
Arise and dwell where pain can be no more,
And every joy is sure?

Be like the bird that on a bough too frail
To bear him, gaily swings!
He carols, though the slender branches fail—
He knows that he has wings.

Victor Hugo, translated by E. R. Chapman.

From The Contemporary Review.
FRANCIS PARKMAN.*

WHETHER romance is a distinct quality in human life and history, or is merely the unusual become romantic by force of contrast, it is certain that the romance of the New World, in the view of its people, dwells in the history of the French and Spanish settlements, in the lodges of the savages, in the dense forests that hemmed in the colonies, and among the trappers and Indian fighters —

The wild, wood-wandering brood of character —

that haunted the dangerous border.

The early life of the colonists, full of monotonous toil and privation, was seldom varied except by lurid gleams of warfare bursting in from northern or western woods, by sudden visions of plumed and painted warriors with torch and tomahawk, and by thrilling legends of adventure told by prisoners returned from the St. Lawrence. After the lapse of two centuries the tales of the French and Indian wars remain as fresh as of yesterday. The long struggle of the Revolution did not efface them, and the tremendous conflict of the Union with the slave power only obscured them for a time. The history of French undertakings is a part of the geography of the continent. The romance of Maine dates from the residence of the Jesuits on the bold summits of Mount Desert, from the rude feudal stronghold of Baron de Saint Castin on the Penobscot, and from the disputes on the eastern border. Massachusetts still remembers the massacres of Haverhill and Bloody Brook, the capture of Louisburg, the deportation of the Acadians, and the taking of Quebec. In history and legend the brilliant touches come from the gayer life beyond the northern forests. Whittier tells us, in "Snow-Bound," of his father beguiling the long winter evenings with recollections of his early adventures in Canada : how he —

Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. François's hemlock trees ;

* *The Collected Works of Francis Parkman.* Popular edition in ten volumes. London: Macmillan & Co.

Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone ;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away.

Vermont was half Gallic in early times ; her own name and that of her capital, Montpelier, attest this; and the broad lake on her north-western border, so often skimmed by canoes of war-parties — Iroquois, Algonquins, or French — preserves the memory of the gallant Champlain, builder of Quebec and first governor of New France.

In the State of New York the Dutch traditions prevail only from Staten Island to Albany ; the remainder was the home of the fiercest and proudest of the Indian tribes, whose sonorous names are now borne by the beautiful lesser lakes and rising towns that brighten the rich landscapes towards Buffalo. Upon the bank of the St. Lawrence, along the coast of Lake Ontario, by the cataract of Niagara, and on the margin of Lake Erie, stood the French forts and mission stations which were to bar the westward progress of British emigration and of Protestantism. Every important site has its undying history, in which French valor, Indian ferocity, and the heroism and self-sacrifice of Catholic priests are commemorated.

Following the great waterway of the lakes, the deeds of French explorers and military commanders are associated with many places — notably Detroit, Saut Ste. Marie, Mackinaw, and St. Joseph. Or, starting southward from Lake Erie, one could follow the track of French power to Fort Duquesne (Pittsburgh) at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela, and thence by "the beautiful river" (Ohio) to the Mississippi, meeting there the line that extended from Lake Michigan by the river of Illinois. French names dot the maps of this vast region ; names of heroes like La Salle and Marquette, and of braggarts like Hennepin, as well as names of French cities and towns.

On the Mississippi the associations are fewer, until we come to Louisiana, where the nomenclature is almost wholly French, and where in considerable numbers the descendants of French settlers and of exiled Acadians survive as Creoles.

Florida and South Carolina remember the sanguinary struggles between Spanish Catholics and French Huguenots. The remains of the military works below Charleston, and the great fort of Philip II. at St. Augustine, built of *coquina*, are the only antiquities of the region. Virginia had less occasion to know the French, although she had one severe lesson, when her homespun and moccasined volunteers were beaten near Fort Duquesne under the lead of the rashly obstinate Braddock.

Before the Seven Years' War it would have been difficult to see that the vast structure of French power in North America was so near its overthrow. Its strategic positions had been selected with foresight, and were combined in a grand plan, from the St. Lawrence by the lakes and the Ohio down to the Gulf of Mexico. The British colonies had no foothold west of the Alleghanies. The Indian tribes, long hostile to the French, had been forced into alliance, and were the determined foes of the English. Yet with the fall of Quebec the power of France in North America forever passed away; and, after the ineffectual conspiracy of Pontiac, the Indian tribes dwindled, scattered, and disappeared, leaving an illimitable field for the enterprise of the colonies of the seaboard.

The story of French explorations and settlements, of the long and obstinate conflicts with the Indians, of the futile efforts to Christianize them, and of the political and military movements to harass or checkmate the rival Protestant colonies, is one of absorbing interest, and is absolutely necessary for understanding the history of the United States, and especially of the causes which led to their separation from Great Britain. It is equally necessary for those who would have a knowledge of the early condition, habits, and traditions of the Canadian people, and thereby form a just estimate of the relations of those important colonies to the crown.

Whatever works upon Canada may have been printed, there have been none worthy of the subject until the appearance of the series by Francis Parkman. His

volumes are the result of nearly forty years' labor, and have been written after careful examination of authorities and study of contemporary history. He has prepared himself by going over the immense field, and becoming familiar with the topography of all important sites of towns and battle-fields. Further, he has seen the native Indian at home, untouched by civilization, has learned his language, and studied his habits as a hunter and as a warrior. He has also spent much time in Canada, not only with men of letters versed in its history, but with the *habitants* and other rural people. It is seldom that a writer has come to his task with such thorough preparation, and it is still rarer to find a man so prepared with the taste and skill of a practised writer, and able to make sober history as attractive as romance. As the circumstances in which these books were written are peculiar, it is desirable to give a brief account of the author, the means he has pursued, and the discouragement against which he has striven.

He was born in Boston, Mass., September 16, 1823, the son of an esteemed clergyman, and graduated at Harvard College in 1844. In his boyhood he had lived with his maternal grandfather on the border of the Middlesex Fells, a wild wooded region near Boston, which still retains much of its native character, and there he became familiar with uncultivated nature, and with the wild animals that haunted the forests and lakes. When he began his college course he had learned a little Latin and Greek, but was more proficient in catching squirrels and wood-chucks; and his vacations were chiefly spent in the vast forests between Maine and Canada, or in those of Canada itself, or else in examining the scenes of battles, raids, and skirmishes in the French and Indian wars. For, at an early age he had determined to study the Indian tribes, and to write an account of their wars with European settlers, and of the struggle between the French and English for the dominion of the New World. His experiences were sometimes exciting, and with a spice of danger. Once, in 1842, he went with two companions to the head-waters of

the Connecticut River, and struck a course by compass through the woods — there being no path — and, after crossing two mountains, reached a small brook that formed the source of the River Magalloway. This was among the mountains just south of the Canada line, and the nearest settlement was forty-five miles distant. The young explorers followed the brook all day, caught plenty of trout, encamped at the foot of a fall, and next day set to work to make a canoe — the stream being there deep enough to float one. The canoe was of fresh spruce-bark, and therefore of the frailest, and it was soon wrecked in a rapid. The friends followed the stream on its bank to where it is joined by a large branch from Parmechena Lake. There, in the midst of a cold, steady rain, they made a raft, lashing it together with grape-vines, pushed from shore, got safely over one rapid, and then stuck fast in another among boulders in mid-stream. The raft soon went to pieces, and the voyagers with difficulty got to shore, where they spent the night in a spruce swamp. In the morning they began another canoe, which was finished in a day, and then paddled down stream from morning till night. They found shelter from the rain in a shed built by lumbermen, and next morning reached a log cabin at the foot of the great rapids of the Magalloway. They had been exposed to the rain three days and nights, and were hungry as wolves, their provisions being gone.

Such was a part of the early training of the historian of the northern settlements, and of the French and Indian wars. He afterwards made many journeys in various parts of the continent, but the most memorable was that into the Indian country west of the Mississippi, of which he has written a graphic account in "The Oregon Trail."

The westward-bound traveller, who takes a seat in a luxurious "palace car" at St. Louis or Chicago, and is borne smoothly along towards the mountains, finding everywhere, day after day, the marks of civilization — rising towns, or farms with grass, crops, and cattle — seldom remembers that the region he is traversing was represented in the maps of

fifty years ago as "the Great American Desert." That region of long levels, interspersed with "rolling" prairies, and watered by shallow rivers, was formerly peopled only by scattered Indian tribes, without fixed habitations, tilling only small patches of maize, beans, and pumpkins, and living mainly by the chase. There herds of buffaloes roamed at will, seeking pasture in the river bottoms or on the plains, and everywhere pursued by the savage hunters. The only white men were trappers and fur-dealers, who generally inclined to the habits of the Indians, and found wives among their squaws. Two main trails crossed the Desert, east and west — one toward the Pacific, called the Oregon trail, the other being the route of traders to Santa Fé, in Mexico. Both were marked by the bleaching bones of buffaloes, horses, and oxen; for, before the days of railways, endless files of tent-covered wagons were carrying the restless inhabitants of the great midland basins and of the Atlantic slope on their last migration. It was at the peril of their lives that the emigrants ventured to pass through the hunting-grounds of the fierce red men, and not a few fell by the way. The destruction of animals also was frightful. Bands of warriors, bristling with feathers, and hideous with streaks of black and vermillion, armed with lances, bows, and arrows, hovered in that silent expanse, sheltered at night in lodges, made of poles and covered with buffalo-skins, that could be set up or removed in an hour, and left no trace of their occupancy but circles of ashes and the refuse of open-air cookery. Old men, squaws of all ages, children, and numberless ill-conditioned, yelping dogs accompanied the little army. The "braves," unequalled horsemen, scoured the country for game — mainly buffalo, as that supplied them with clothing and shelter, as well as food — but content with deer or antelope when the other was not to be had. They rioted in time of good luck, and famished when game was scarce; but were always ready to form marauding parties when there were scalps or plunder in view.

All this has gone by. Not an Indian or

buffalo survives in what was the Great American Desert. The United States surveyors have run their lines, marking the boundaries of States, counties, and townships, and the silent power of law is everywhere felt. The long processions of white-topped wagons have ceased; farms are enclosed, roads laid out, and trees planted. Lines of railways cross the levels and wind among the hills. The mystery and terror of the wilderness have vanished.

Parkman, with his kinsman, Quincy Adams Shaw, went, in the spring of 1846, from Boston to St. Louis, by rail, steam-boat, and stage-coach, the trip occupying a fortnight. There they procured their outfit—a cart, horses, and mules, a variety of presents for Indians, and two French guides or servants. The ascent of the Missouri River to Kansas City took eight days; it was a continued struggle, as the current is rapid, with frequent sand-bars and shallows, besides being obstructed by snags and "sawyers." From Kansas City, on the western border of the State of Missouri, they took their course by land to Fort Leavenworth, and thence by way of the Big Blue River and the River Platte to Fort Laramie. As has been said, there were then no State or Territorial lines, but they crossed first a part of the present state of Kansas, going north-west; then Nebraska, going west; then turning north-west again, they entered the south-east part of Wyoming Territory, in which Fort Laramie is located. The fort was then a fur-trading station, outside the pale of civilization.

On their way they saw many Indian tribes, and, by gaining their confidence and friendship, came to know their wandering life, with its two great passions—hunting and war—and its vicissitudes of barbarous plenty and starvation. They observed the ceremonious customs of councils and receptions, and the etiquette in the exchange of presents, and were able to maintain a courtly *tenue* at feasts of dog-flesh, and to be on agreeable terms with the unattractive squaws and their swarming pappooses. They learned what offerings of tobacco would propitiate the grave and stolid warriors, and what flaming kerchiefs and strings of glittering beads would fascinate the women. But they had not seen a war party, although there were constant rumors of preparation. We may well believe that Parkman would not have provoked them into a combat; yet, as fighting was their chief glory and most usual employment, he greatly wished

to see a tribe fully equipped and in motion. Therefore, when he and his companions were coming near Fort Laramie, he took one of the guides and joined a party of Indians who were going to cross the Black Hills in search of buffalo in the region beyond—a region where they were almost sure to be attacked by hostile tribes, Arapahoes and Crows. Shaw, being somewhat ill, and unequal to the certain fatigue, went with the other guide, taking the cart and stores, to the fort, there to wait for Parkman's return.

The excursion through the Black Hills was of itself a long and perilous journey. The route was difficult, and the aspect of the country wild and terrible. It is seldom that one reads a truthful narrative so absorbing as this; and it is evident there is not a particle of exaggeration in the daily account. The scenery is well sketched, and the author happily avoids the modern vice of insincere rapture. We do not tolerate hysterics over a landscape or a sunrise in any one but Ruskin or Emerson. The subtle traits of these adventurous Indians, their dress, accoutrements, and barbarous exploits stand out in clear relief. Parkman is modest as to his share in the enterprise, but we easily recognize a degree of courage and prudence quite unusual at the age of twenty-three.

The hunting-tour was full of adventure and incident, but there was no serious encounter with the wily enemy. His Indian friends had set out in martial array, with all their rude pomp of feathers, pennons, and trophies, but they returned peaceably, bringing with them an ample stock of dried meat and skins for their lodges. The buffalo were seen in vast numbers, sometimes covering the plain with blackness, even to the distant horizon, and the slaughter was appalling; there was a rage for destruction for the mere pleasure of killing. It is difficult to realize the descriptions of these enormous herds, and the strewing of the plains with such multitudes of carcasses to be devoured by wolves. It is no wonder the buffalo has been exterminated.

This experience was invaluable for Parkman. He had seen all phases of Indian life. He knew the Indian village, with its noise and squalor, infested by screaming children and base curs. He had seen the Indian dandy, the athletic "brave," and the severe and wily chief. He had witnessed their horsemanship, their feats with bow and lance, and their boisterous games. He had lived in their

smoky lodges, and on the march had learned to be as patient of hunger, of rain and wind, as his hosts. He had seen nearly all the famous tribes, and knew the badges and traits of each. Henceforth Sioux, Sacs, Foxes, Snakes, Crows, Shawanoes, Wyandots, Arapahoes, Delawares, and Ogillallahs were more to him than names. As their customs and character have been without change, he could fully understand the part their ancestors had played centuries before. Such knowledge no other historian, and no prominent writer of English, ever attained. It enabled him afterwards to follow with certainty the tortuous course of Indian diplomacy, and to recognize the ferocity which lurked in the nature of them all.

One result was to destroy any illusion as to the virtues, fidelity, eloquence, poetry, or teachableness of the red race. The degrading custom of polygamy, and the shameless barter of squaws for ponies or other merchandise, were among their minor sins, mere instances of bad taste, compared with their habitual fiendish cruelty.

Parkman has given graphic portraiture of the French guides, who had taken squaws for wives; and the glimpses we get of the effect of these alliances go far to explain the instability of the French settlements.

After joining Shaw at Fort Laramie the party took a southward course through what is now the state of Colorado, passing by Pike's Peak and the sites of the (since discovered) gold mines. As they came near the Mexican boundary they saw detachments of United States troops, principally fresh volunteers from Missouri, on their way to the seat of war; and the little they saw of the tumultuous good humor of the soldiers—all equals and wholly without subordination or discipline—was a most amusing picture. Turning eastward, they travelled towards the Missouri River, finding plenty of buffalo on the way, and came into the borders of civilized life with worn-out equipments and broken-down horses. With eyes singularly fresh and sympathetic Parkman looked upon cultivated fields after having been in the desert so long. The passage in which he describes his lively impressions is worth quoting:—

We were passing through the country of the half-civilized Shawanoes. It was a beautiful alternation of fertile plains and groves just tinged with the hues of autumn, while close beneath them nestled the log houses of the Indian farmers. The maize stood rustling in

the wind, ripe and dry, its shining yellow ears thrust out between the gaping husks. Squashes and huge yellow pumpkins lay basking in the sun in the midst of their brown and shrivelled leaves. Robins and blackbirds flew about the fences, and everything betokened our near approach to home and civilization. The forests that border the Missouri soon rose before us, and we entered the wide tract of bushes which forms their outskirts. We had passed the same road on our outward journey in the spring, but its aspect was now totally changed. The young wild apple-trees, then flushed with their fragrant blossoms, were hung thickly with ruddy fruit. The vines were laden with purple grapes, and the slender twigs of the swamp-maple, then tasseled with their clusters of small red flowers, now hung out a gorgeous display of leaves stained by the frost with burning crimson. . . . We entered the forest, checkered, as we passed along, by the bright spots of sunlight that fell between the opening boughs. On either side rich masses of foliage almost excluded the sun, though here and there its rays could find their way down, striking through the broad leaves and lighting them with a pure transparent green. Squirrels barked at us from the trees; coveys of young partridges ran rustling over the fallen leaves; and the golden oriole, the blue jay, and the flaming red-bird darted among the shadowy branches. We hailed these sights and sounds of beauty by no means with unmixed pleasure. Many and powerful as were the attractions of the settlements, we looked back regretfully to the wilderness behind us.

They were again eight days upon the Missouri River, being frequently stuck on sand-bars. They had started April 28, and, as they came back at the time of autumnal frost, they had spent at least five months in making the trip. They bade an affectionate farewell to their guides, and in a fortnight more reached home.

Parkman had not imagined that this was to be his last visit to the Indian country; or, rather, that the westward movement of emigration would so soon replace buffalo with cattle, and change the wild prairies to fruitful fields. The rapidity of the change was due to the discovery of gold in California in 1848, and soon after in various nearer regions. Writing in 1872, he says:—

The wild cavalcade that defiled with me down the gorges of the Black Hills, with its paint and war-plumes, fluttering trophies and savage embroidery, bows, arrows, lances and shields, will never be seen again. . . . The Indian of to-day, armed with a revolver and crowned with an old hat, cased possibly in trowsers, or muffed in a tawdry shirt, is an Indian still, but an Indian shorn of the picturesqueness which was his most conspicuous merit.

So "The Oregon Trail," written first as a narrative of youthful adventure for the *Knickerbocker Magazine* (New York), is as truly a history as any of the author's volumes, and is an important introduction to them.

"The Oregon Trail" was published in 1847, and the author at once set to work upon "The Conspiracy of Pontiac." He made a great collection of materials, both in America and in Europe, and visited every important place named. His eyes were affected, however, by too close application, and for three years he was not permitted to read or write. But the documents and memoirs were read to him, copious notes were made, the narratives were sifted, and then the composition of the work went on by dictation. This process, though slow and laborious, was, as the author says, not without its advantages. The authorities were "more minutely examined, more scrupulously collated, and more thoroughly digested than they would have been under ordinary circumstances."

Pontiac was the son of a chief of the Ottawas by a mother from the Ojibwas, two tribes which inhabited the northern part of the peninsula of Michigan. He was possessed of an unusual share of the bravery and craft of his race, joined to a perspicacity and breadth of view seldom seen in a savage. The "Conspiracy," which began in 1763, after the fall of Quebec, was an attempt to combine all the scattered and discordant Indian tribes for the capture of the frontier posts held by the English, to hem in the colonies of the seaboard, and to prevent further encroachment upon Indian territory. The main purpose of the book is to present a picture of the American forest and of the American Indian at the time of the surrender of Canada and the extinction of the French power in North America. The location of each tribe and of the important forts is shown upon a map. A considerable part of the first volume is devoted (1) to an account of tribal organization, religious rites and customs, powers of the chiefs, ruling passions and traits; (2) to a retrospect of the French and English settlements, and the contrast between the character and methods of the feudal and Papist Canadians and the democratic and Protestant New Englanders; (3) to the policy of the French in regard to the Indians, contrasted with that of the English; and (4) to the collision of the rival colonies and its results. This forms, in fact, a *résumé* of Canadian history. As

Parkman subsequently wrote separate volumes upon these topics and events, this recapitulation, preceding the account of the "Conspiracy," might appear now to be superfluous; but it serves an excellent purpose as it stands, and no reader who wishes to survey the whole field will regret the time given to the preliminary view. The "Conspiracy" is the last of the author's works in the order of events, yet its completeness is what is necessary to understand Indian character, policy, and methods, and its admirable historical retrospect, make it an excellent introduction to the series. After finishing it and "The Oregon Trail" the reader can take up the other volumes, of which the order is as follows: —

- I. "Pioneers of France in the New World."
- II. "The Jesuits in North America" (a history of missions).
- III. "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West."
- IV. "The Old Régime in Canada" (an account of the colonial government).
- V. "Count Frontenac and New France under the reign of Louis XIV." (a continuation of the preceding).
- VI.
- VII. "Montcalm and Wolfe" (the end of the long contest between France and England for the possession of Canada).

Part VI. is a work upon which the author is now engaged, and will be the last of the series. There will then be a history in eleven or twelve volumes, virtually continuous, and yet every portion will be reasonably complete in itself.

There is something at once pathetic and inspiring in the struggle between the unconquerable will and the disordered nerves, as witnessed in the patient, though often interrupted, labors of Parkman. "The Pioneers of France in the New World" was not published until 1865, fourteen years after the appearance of the "Conspiracy." The delay was unavoidable. In all those years "the state of his health exacted an extreme caution in regard to mental occupation, reducing it at best within narrow and precarious limits, and often precluding it. Indeed, for two periods, each of several years, any attempt at bookish occupation would have been merely suicidal." A condition of sight, arising from kindred sources, did not permit reading or writing continuously for

much more than five minutes, and often did not permit them at all.

The writer well remembers seeing Parkman frequently during this period walking on Boston Common with the aid of a cane, his figure attenuated and unsteady, his eyes shaded from the light, his face pale, but animated by a serene and indomitable courage. He had to forego even looking at a newspaper, not alone on account of his weak eyes, but on account of a painful sensation in his head like that of wearing an iron crown. He lived, however, literally in hope, continuing his great and costly preparations for future work, with an abiding faith that somehow he would be able to accomplish it. It was pathetic to see such energy and will fettered by a feeble bodily frame, but inspiring to think of the soul superior to its environment. With robust health, what might not such a man have accomplished and enjoyed! One sees in all his books, from "The Oregon Trail" forward, such exhaustless spirits, such fulness of life, such joy in nature, such sympathy with men of action, that his long periods of imprisonment must have been as painful as those of Silvio Pellico.

But from the time of his third work his health improved, and the subsequent volumes came out with shorter intervals — 1867, 1869, 1874, 1877, and 1884. Under the circumstances, it was not only wise, but inevitable, that the history should be written by subjects, each complete in a measure. A continuous narration, blending all the topics as it progressed, would have been perhaps too much for his physical powers, and might have been at any point left unfinished.

From the beginning, the French displayed marvellous enterprise and daring in their attempts at discovery and settlement. No people can boast more heroic names among explorers and navigators than those commemorated in Parkman's volumes. In point of time they were beforehand with the English, both in discoveries and in settlements. Quebec was built a year after the settlement at Jamestown in Virginia, but twelve years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, in Massachusetts, and twenty-two years before the Puritans set up their colony at Boston.

The Huguenot expedition to Carolina was but an episode — a most thrilling one, as narrated by Parkman; the continuous historical interest lies in the north, in the maritime provinces north-east of the New England States, in the broad region of the

St. Lawrence, in the countries bordering the great northern lakes, and in the vast basins of the Ohio and the Mississippi. With their early start and abundant energy, with wiser notions of political economy, and with enlightened and practical management on the part of the home government, the French might have mastered the continent, or the larger part of it, and to-day New France might have been the name of a rising nation in the west — French in language and traditions, and Roman Catholic in faith and loyalty.

The pioneers of France offered a marked contrast to the English settlers south of Canadian woods, not only in character, but in aim and methods. This plan was to establish depots for the fur trade and mission stations side by side, and to sustain their colonists and civilize the Indians by the joint means of cent. per cent. and gospel truth. They brought with them feudal privileges, distinctions of caste, *seigneurs* to hold the land, and peasants to till it, the emblems and vices of royalty, and a large enough number of Black Robes, as the natives called the Jesuits. It was an enterprise in which the Papacy had a controlling influence, since all plans and regulations were subordinated to one aim. Moreover, it was so wholly and openly under the rule of the Jesuits, that the ordinary priests, Sulpitians and RÉCOLLET Friars, were treated with small courtesy, and were without influence.

The fur trade prospered for many years. The dealers became rich, and in time the markets of the world were glutted, and the beaver well-nigh exterminated. The Jesuits secretly had a hand in it, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, and many of the governors, too, illegally shared profits with traders, who thereby purchased privileges and immunities. Numbers of the people, for the sake of the trade, neglected the cultivation of the soil, so that bread-stuffs had to be imported from France; and a race of wild and dissolute men sprang up, *courreurs du bois*, who, fleeing from civilization and law, learned to love the life of the savages, and to share all that was novel to them in their detestable vices and cruelties.

The fur trade at first pleased the Indians, since it furnished them with guns, powder, and lead, as well as brandy and tobacco; but the brandy maddened and debased them, and then they were corrupted by manners more shameless than their own, so that they became equally dangerous whether as foes or allies.

Those who were "Christianized" swallowed the priest's wafers, but were no more averse to a broth of human flesh, or to the torture of a prisoner by fire, than before their "conversion." They wore on their breasts the crucifix instead of a "medicine" charm, and received the blessing of their "spiritual fathers" when setting out on an expedition for murder. Returning, the sacred emblem of their redemption swung among gory scalps, or necklaces of ears and fingers. The most revolting barbarities experienced by inoffensive New England colonists on the border were perpetrated by bands of "Christian" Indians, who came through Canadian woods in winter, led sometimes by French officers, but oftener by priests, who had crossed the ocean to teach them the worship of Jesus, and who had no objection to their braining men, women, and children, so long as they only brained heretics. Christianity had brought little change except in substituting a new superstition for an old one; for the mystery of the cross and the eucharist was never more than a superstition to those dark and malevolent creatures.

In another view the Jesuits were the bravest and most self-sacrificing missionaries the world has ever seen. No danger deterred them; they penetrated the wilderness, and lived unprotected among their flocks of wolves. They eagerly baptized infants and sick people by stealth, and seemed to court the honor of martyrdom. Sooner or later they all fell victims to sudden outbursts of savage wrath, or to the slow and unspeakable tortures of mutilation and burning. No Christian confronted with wild beasts in a Roman amphitheatre ever showed more serene courage. Had their martyrdom been less ignoble, or done in view of a so-called civilized people, they would all ere this have been canonized by the Church they served so well. But the results of their labors were not in proportion to their zeal or their sufferings. The yoke of the meek and lowly Jesus sat lightly at best on the shoulders of the savage red man; and there came a time when the mission was admitted by all to have been a failure. Its results had all along been seen by all except the missionaries, but when the Hurons and others, who had nominally embraced Christianity, were all killed or driven away by the ferocious Iroquois, there was nothing more to be hoped for.

The French policy toward the Indians was unwise and disastrous, because it was vacillating. They should have either

adopted the calm and far-sighted tactics of the Pennsylvanian Quakers, or followed without flinching the steady and stern system of repression which the New England colonies put in practice against the Pequots and Abenakis. The lower classes took Indian squaws for wives or companions, and naturally sank to their level. The French leaders armed their savage allies against the English and Dutch, and constantly instigated them to make raids on the frontier settlers. Afterward, the treacherous natives often turned the lessons they had learned against their instructors. More sagacious and resolute conduct, toward the Iroquois especially, might have inspired them, if not with fear, at least with respect; but having been dallied with, and allowed to believe that they were dreaded, they grew more audacious, and in a series of attacks devastated the fields and villages on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and murdered great numbers, even under the guns of the forts.

But one error or misfortune is always linked with another, and there were many such links in New France in her time of trouble. The reason of the anxiety of the governors to keep the natives as allies was because of the short-sighted parsimony of the French home government in keeping down the expenses and the military force of the colony. It will be remembered that most of the disasters happened during the reign of Louis XV., when the minister and the administration of colonial affairs were controlled by Madame Pompadour. Governors, general officers, and intendants of finance were sent over without experience, and with small resources in men and money; and all found themselves obliged to court the favor of the Jesuits on arriving at Quebec. The revenues of the colony were small, because the population was small, and few were prosperous cultivators, and because much of the income from furs was made away with. The population could not solidly grow when all the arable land was held either by Jesuits or court favorites; the free ownership of land is the life of a new settlement. Another difficulty was the small number of marriageable women, although the government strove to remedy this by sending over some ship-loads, and by offering bounties on marriages and pensions to parents of many children. The population was further restricted from the fact that Protestants were not allowed to emigrate. The ecclesiastics kept strict watch lest heresy should come over like small-

pox. And yet France had thousands, probably a hundred thousand, Huguenots, who were longing to escape from oppression, and would have been glad to establish themselves where they could live unmolested. With a statesman at the head of affairs these intelligent, sober, and industrious people would have been granted leave to join the colony, taking with them a great increase of wealth and fighting power.* With such help the colony might have been soon self-sustaining, and the presumption of the savages would have been checked. France listened to her priests, and lost her colony.

But the sums granted from the royal treasury were seldom honestly expended. The governor had no control over the intendant, who was the colonial minister of finance. Intendants and other officials in league with them, not content with illegal participation in the profits of the fur trade and in the receipts of contractors, stole the king's money by every device known to peculators; and they so crippled the last of the governors that the fate of the colony could not be averted. The situation of a proud, gallant, and loyal man like Frontenac was painful enough. The Jesuits were determined to keep their ascendancy, and often by their secret machinations frustrated him in the proper management of the Indians; the king's government was doling out insufficient supplies and finding fault with an extravagance for which he was not responsible; while a "ring" of office-holding thieves, whom he could not check nor punish, spirited away his military stores and drained the treasury. The evils were too many and too great to be remedied. If religious bigotry kept out population, and so lessened military force and public revenues; if feudal laws and customs restricted ownership of land; if the leaders encouraged a demoralizing trade, instead of the industries that might have turned the wilderness into smiling fields; if that trade was the means of arming against the colony a legion of treacherous and pitiless foes; if intendants and treasurers embezzled the funds that should have maintained garrisons; and if the foolish policy of the home government so fettered the governor that he could only look on these dangers and villanies, helpless to overcome them,—what was to prevent the sure catastrophe?

The catastrophe was of France's own

seeking. Eager to carry out her great plan, she had sought to complete the cordon of forts from Quebec to New Orleans, and to harass and, if possible, destroy every English settlement, although the continent had ample room for colonies from all nations. By the employment of her savage allies in midnight murder and arson, she had invited retaliation and courted the combination that was to be the ruin of her projects. Virginia and the middle States longed to avenge the defeat of Braddock and the destruction of their frontier settlements, and to secure the fort at the head-waters of the Ohio. New England, long patient under outrages done at the bidding of French officers and priests, gladly laid siege to Louisburg and menaced Quebec. Even then, if the ministry at Versailles had possessed any foresight, or had the least notion of the future power and wealth of the western continent, the worst danger might have been averted, and France might have retained the grandest appanage of her crown. But France was in the thick of the struggle with the invincible Frederick, and thought more of her barren prestige among European powers than of her mighty possession across the Atlantic. She could send a hundred thousand soldiers to fight the battles of Maria Theresa, but grudged five thousand for the defence of Canada against its gathering foes. At last, when she had seen her allies, the Hurons and other converted Indians, all butchered or scattered by the Iroquois; when she had lost Fort Duquesne, the key of the Ohio valley, and fort after fort on the great lakes; when Louisburg had fallen, and Acadia was devastated and ruthlessly depopulated as a punishment for the misdeeds instigated by her emissaries—then came the final, the irremediable blow, the taking of Quebec by Wolfe, and the sceptre of the western world passed forever from her incompetent hand. The results of nearly two centuries' labor, the toil of navigators and explorers, the heroism of great soldiers, the devotion of priests, the loss of thousands of brave men, had all been in vain. In the shame and rage of defeat, France had only the poor and tardy consolation of imprisoning the chief of the infamous plunderers that had done their part in effecting the ruin of the colony.

The humiliation of France at this crisis was not complete without the surrender of her possessions in India, and the firm establishment of the sway of Great Britain over that vast peninsula. For the doubt-

* This point is argued forcibly by Voltaire in his story, "L'Ingénou."

ful and costly glory of a long war on the Continent she had lost her share in two great empires.

There remained the French colony of Louisiana, including not only the present state of that name, but a vast territory west of the Mississippi River. This was sold to the United States by the emperor Napoleon I., and the French population is now relatively diminishing.

Canada after the conquest was rapidly filled up by emigrants from the British Isles, and the French part of its people has hardly held its ground.* The mills of New England are now largely worked by Canadian French, who are displacing the Irish, who had displaced native workers. Excepting in geographical names and in history, France is destined to disappear from the western continent.

Every reader of history knows that the fall of the French power in Canada naturally led to the independence of the American colonies, declared sixteen years later. If France had been victorious, and had been firmly planted on their northern border, the colonies would not have thought of separation from the British crown; but, having no further apprehensions from without, they could freely consult their own political interests. During the Seven Years' War the colonial militia had been under British generals, learning the discipline and art of war. The number of men drawn from the colonies, particularly from those of New England, New York, and Virginia, was very large; at one time one in eight of military age in Massachusetts, and one in five or four in New Hampshire, were in service. Massachusetts, too, bore the cost of the expeditions under Sir William Phips, a burden probably as great in proportion to her resources as her share in the expense of the late Civil War. It was an exhausting, costly, and thorough school of arms, conducted by the British ministry and its military officers, and it led to important consequences. The home government had not sought to hamper the colonies by religious tests or feudal tenures, and, except in restricting certain manufactures, its policy, on the whole, had been just and liberal; still, few statesmen had foreseen the rising power, or taken into account the free spirit of a people educated by adversity, and impatient

of control from without. Had the ministry-forborne from interfering with local industries, left them free to set up foundries, factories, and shops, forborne to tax them without their consent, and given them representation in Parliament, the separation might have been long delayed. If any one could have proposed a fair scheme of federation, the British Empire might have been the one colossal power of the world; but federation was not one of the ideas of the eighteenth century, least of all in the mind of George III. At that time a colony was a dependency, to be governed by the royal pleasure, and colonists were distant people, with no share in Magna Charta, who would never absurdly think of intellectual or political equality with the mother country. With a lesson of history in mind, it will be interesting hereafter to follow the development of modern theories in the relations of Great Britain with such gigantic and widely separated dependencies as Australia and the Dominion of Canada. It will be momentous to be assured that the connections are at once firm and elastic, or that some happy equilibrium of forces may maintain a planetary harmony.

Parkman's works fulfil one condition indispensable for success; they are always attractive, often brilliant, and have a continuity of interest that holds the reader as under the spell of a great historical novel. In fact, the sustained and growing attraction of the series is irresistible. The reader sees that the author has made the amplest and most thorough preparations, and writes from full knowledge; yet the narrative is clear of all tedious details, and the foot-notes indicate the sources. After observing the abundant citations, one is not surprised to learn that, in addition to the library of printed authorities that have been drawn upon, no less than seventy large folios of MSS. have been accumulated by the author. But the chief merit, next after historical accuracy, is in having so distilled all the contemporary memoirs and relations as to give their essence in a spirited and effective way. The series of works covers a broad field and a long space of time, but the transit is made with pleasure, and at the end one is able to recall all its striking incidents like the memory of a gallery of pictures. Parkman's nature is nervous and energetic, and his style has a quality that does not invite repose; still, it is difficult to see how the stately movement of certain great histories could have been followed in treating of life among the Indians, or of events

* The statement that "the French part of its people has hardly held its ground" in Canada, refers to the Dominion as a whole; it is not true of the province of Quebec by itself. There the French are increasing, on account of having large families, at a rate far beyond that of the British.

that were so unexpected and often so thrilling and tragic. His use of language is naturally forcible and often picturesque, but evidently he has not attended to verbal nicety, or cared to attain to the serenity which characterizes writers like Prescott; he is too fervid in temper and too strong in conviction for that, and he indulges in emphasis like an impassioned story-teller. Doubtless, there are many sentences which a severer taste would have dictated in more simple language, but even a critical reader will bear with the occasional stress for the sake of the general effect, and of the many passages that are powerful and memorable.

Readers will notice the many graphic pictures of scenery in these books. The author is at home in aboriginal woods, by the banks of rivers, among lonely mountains, and on the shores of sylvan lakes. He seems to know every tree and bush, every wild animal, fish, and bird. The scenes he sketches have the power of truth, and we feel sure, as we read, that so bloomed the wild flower as he passed, so spread its boughs the tree, so lay in coils of light the river, so sang or poised in air the bird. With most writers, even with those who appear to love nature, their descriptions have only a general truth; their landscapes are the conventionalized sentiment of nature; while in the pages of Parkman we are impressed by a vividness in form and color which could only come from long and affectionate familiarity. The trees, shrubs, grass, and living creatures are all individualized, so that in mass and in detail they seem to have been photographed. This faculty gives a singular charm to many of the recorded adventures, especially when the author sketches the splendid figures of the Indians — with bodies and limbs of Greeks in bronze — their celerity of movement, their startling ornaments and equipment. In fact, this faculty, born of the all-observing eye, inspires us with confidence in every situation. We identify ourselves with the observer and narrator. We see and hear with him, and at the close we seem to have ourselves passed through the events and scenes, and to think of them as of our own experience.

Parkman appears generous as well as just in his estimate of French explorers and pioneers. His accounts of La Salle and his lieutenant Henri di Tonty, of Cartier and Champlain, of Bouquet, the gallant French Swiss officer, and of Count Frontenac, governor of Quebec, may be instanced as admirable pieces of historical

portraiture. He is as fair to Montcalm as to Wolfe. He does justice to the bravery and self-devotion of the Jesuits. If there is a trait of noble character he is zealous to exhibit it. But with the system on which the French colony was established he has no sympathy; as against royalty, feudalism, and privilege he is a New England democrat; as against Papal pretensions and Jesuitic intrigues he is a liberal-minded Protestant. But when he refers to the New England colonies, and to their sacrifices and virtues, he is not a blind adulator, for he freely admits their faults and criticises their errors.

A multitude of stirring and important events come to mind in re-reading these volumes. One that stands out most vividly is the massacre of the French Huguenots in Florida by Menendez, followed by the stern vengeance of Dominick de Gourges. The Spanish fort at St. Augustine, the sand-hills around that old town, and the long white shore of Anastasia Island opposite — as well as the remains of the French fort in Carolina — have had for the present writer a deep and melancholy interest since Parkman's thrilling account of those tragedies was published. From that early time down to the planting of the cross of St. George on the rock of Quebec what a succession of picturesque figures appeared on the shifting scene! Pioneers, sailors, soldiers, priests, governors, with dreams of empire and viceregal state, representatives of the *haute noblesse*, peasants, *courreurs du bois*, hunters and trappers, wily traders, *seigneurs* like De Saint Castin, and patriarchs like Sir William Johnson, surrounded by dusky Hagars in their sylvan harems, thick-witted *parvenus* like Sir William Phips, grave young leaders like Washington, with destiny in their calm eyes, dark and powerful Napoleons of the woods like Pontiac, Evangelines of ruined hapless Acadia, and heroes like Montcalm and Wolfe, whose fame is united forever!

Comment upon the separate volumes would lead us too far. It is enough to indicate their quality, and the importance of the subject for all readers of English. It may be added that the thoroughness with which Parkman has done his work renders it quite unlikely that any later historian will supplant him. His works have a solid foundation, and will endure, something which cannot be said with certainty of some of the most brilliant histories written in the United States.

Parkman is rather above middle height,

slender and sinewy, with a thin but agreeable and thoughtful face, and engaging manners. He lives in summer at Jamaica Plain, one of the suburbs of Boston, where he is noted as a successful cultivator of roses, a taste which he shares with the venerable Bancroft. In winter he lives in Chestnut Street, Boston, on what is known as Beacon Hill, near the beautiful Common, and but a short distance from the house once occupied by Prescott. It is an interesting fact that Bancroft once lived on the other side of the Common, and that Motley also lived on Beacon Hill; so that the four leading American historians were residents of the same part of one city, and were virtually neighbors.

F. H. UNDERWOOD.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
MR. SANDFORD.

I.

HE was a man approaching sixty, but in perfect health, and with no painful physical reminders that he had already accomplished the greater part of life's journey. He was a successful man, who had attained at a comparatively early age the heights of his profession, and gained a name for himself. No painter in England was better or more favorably known. He had never been emphatically the fashion, or made one of those great "hits" which are far from being invariably any test of genius; but his pictures had always been looked for with pleasure, and attracted a large and very even share of popular approbation. From year to year, for what was really a very long time, though in his good health and cheerful occupation the progress of time had never forced itself upon him unduly, he had gone on doing very well, getting both praise and pudding — good prices, constant commissions, and a great deal of agreeable applause. A course of gentle uninterrupted success of this description has a curiously tranquillizing effect upon the mind. It did not seem to Mr. Sandford, or his wife, or any of his belongings, that it could ever fail. His income was more like an official income, coming in at slightly irregular intervals, and with variations of amount, but wonderfully equal at the year's end, than the precarious revenues of an artist. And this fact lulled him into security in respect to his pecuniary means. He had a very pleasant, ample, agreeable life — a pretty and comfortable house, full of desirable

things; a pleasant, gay, not very profitable, but pleasant family; and the agreeable atmosphere of applause and public interest which gave a touch of perfection to all the other good things. He had the consciousness of being pointed out in the largest assembly as somebody worth looking at: "That's Sandford, you know, the painter." He did not dislike it himself, and Mrs. Sandford liked it very much. Altogether it would have been difficult to find a more pleasant and delightful career.

His wife had been the truest companion and helpmeet of all his early life. She had made their small means do in the beginning when money was not plentiful. She had managed to do him credit in all the many appearances in society which a rising painter finds to his advantage, while still spending very little on herself or her dress. She had kept all going, and saved him from a thousand anxieties and cares. She had sat to him when models proved expensive so often that it was a common joke to say that some reflection of Mrs. Sandford's face was in all his pictures, from Joan of Arc to St. Cecilia. Now that the children were grown up, perhaps the parents were a little less together than of old. She had her daughters to look after, who were asked out a great deal, and very anxious to be fashionable and to keep up with their fine friends. The two grown-up girls were both pretty, animated, and pleasant creatures, full of the chatter of society, yet also full of better things. There were also two grown-up sons; one a young barrister, briefless, and fond of society too; the other one of those agreeable do-nothings who are more prevalent nowadays than ever before, a very clever fellow, who had just not succeeded as he ought at the university or elsewhere, but had plenty of brains for anything, and only wanted the opportunity to distinguish himself. They were all full of faculty, both boys and girls, but all took a good deal out of the family stores without bringing anything in. Ever since these children grew up the family life had been on a very easy, ample scale. There was never any appearance of want of money, nor was the question ever discussed with the young ones, who had really no way of knowing that there was anything precarious in that well-established family income which provided them with everything they could desire. Sometimes, indeed, Mrs. Sandford would shake her head and declare that she "could not afford" some particular luxury. "Oh, nonsense, mamma!" the girls would say, while Harry would

add, "That's mother's *rôle*, we all know. If she did not say so she would not be acting up to her part." They took it in this way, with the same, or perhaps even a greater composure than if Mr. Sandford's revenues had been drawn from the three per cents.

It was only after this position had been attained that any anxieties arose. At first it had seemed quite certain that Jack would speedily distinguish himself at the bar, and become lord chancellor in course of time: and that something would turn up for Harry — most likely a government appointment, which so well known a man as his father had a right to expect. And Mrs. Sandford, with a sigh, had looked forward with certainty to the early marriage of her girls. But some years had now passed since Ada, who was the youngest, had been introduced, and as yet nothing of that kind has happened. Harry was pleasantly about the world, a great help in accompanying his sisters when Mrs. Sandford did not want to go out, but no appointment had fallen in his way; and the briefs which Jack had procured were very few and very trifling. Things went on very pleasantly all the same. The young people enjoyed themselves very much — they were asked everywhere. Lizzie, who had a beautiful voice, was an acquisition wherever she went, and helped her sister and her brothers on, who could all make themselves agreeable. The life of the household flowed on in the pleasantest way imaginable; everything was bright, delightful, easy. Mrs. Sandford was so good a manager that all domestic arrangements went as on velvet. She was never put out if two or three people appeared unexpectedly to lunch. An impromptu dinner party even, though it might disturb cook, never disturbed mamma. There was no extravagance, but everything delightfully liberal and full. The first vague uneasiness that crept into the atmosphere was about the boys. It was Mrs. Sandford herself who began this. "Did you speak to Lord Okeham about Harry?" she said to her husband one day, when she had been particularly elated by the appearance of that nobleman at her tea-table. He had come to look at a picture, and he was very willing afterwards, it appeared, to come into the drawing-room to tea.

"How could I? I scarcely know him. It is difficult enough to ask a friend — but a man I have only seen twice —"

"Your money or your life," said Harry, with a laugh. He was himself quite tran-

quil about his appointment, never doubting that some day it would turn up.

"It is easier to ask a stranger than a friend," said Mrs. Sandford. "It is like trading on friendship with a man you know; but this man's nothing but a patron, or an admirer. I should have asked him like — I mean at once."

"Mother was going to say like a shot — she is getting dreadfully slangy, worse than any of us. Let's hope old Okeham will come back; there's not much time lost," said the cheerful youth.

"When your father was your age he was making a good deal of money. We were beginning to see our way," said Mrs. Sandford, shaking her head.

"What an awfully imprudent pair you must have been to marry so early!" cried Jack.

"I wonder what you would say to us if we suggested anything of the kind?" said Miss Ada, who had made herself very agreeable to Lord Okeham.

"A poor painter!" said Lizzie, with a tone in her voice which her mother understood — for, indeed, Mrs. Sandford did not at all encourage the attentions of poor painters, having still that early certainty of great matches in her mind.

The young people were quite fond of their parents, very proud of their father, dutiful as far as was consistent with the traditions of their generation, but naturally were of opinion that fathers and mothers were slightly antiquated, and did not possess the last lights.

"The young ones are too many for you, Mary," said Mr. Sandford; but he added, "It's true what your mother says; you oughtn't to be about as much as you are, doing nothing. You ought to grind as long as you're young —"

"At what, sir?" said Harry, with mock reverence. Mr. Sandford did not reply, for indeed he could not. Instead of giving an answer he went back to the studio, which indeed he had begun to find a pleasant refuge in the midst of all the flow of youthful talk and laughter, which was not of the kind he had been used to in his youth. Young artists, those poor painters whom Mrs. Sandford held at arm's length, are not perhaps much more sensible than other young men, but they have at least a subject on which any amount of talk is possible, and which their elders can understand. Mr. Sandford was proud of his children, and loved them dearly. Their education, he believed, was much better than his own, and they knew a great deal more on general subjects than he did.

But their jargon was not his jargon, and though it seemed very clever and knowing, and even amusing for a while, it soon palled upon him. He went back to his studio and to the picture he was painting, for the daylight was still good. It was the largest of his Academy pictures, and nearly finished. It occurred to him as he stood looking at it critically from a distance, with his head on one side and his hand shading now one part now another, that Lord Okeham, though very complimentary, had not said anything about a desire to possess in his small collection a specimen of such a well-known master as — He remembered, now, that it was with this desire that his lordship had been supposed to be coming. Daniells, the picture-dealer, had said as much. "He wants to come and see what you've got on the stocks. Tell you w'at, old man, 'e's as rich as Cressus. Lay it on thick, 'e won't mind — give you two thou' as easy as five 'undred." This was what, with his usual elegant familiarity, Mr. Daniells had said. It occurred to Mr. Sandford, with a curious little pang of surprise, that Lord Okeham had not said a word on the subject. He had admired everything, he had lingered upon some of the smaller sketches, making little remarks in the way of criticism now and then which the painter recognized as very judicious, but he had not said a word about enriching his collection with a specimen, etc. The surprise with which Mr. Sandford noticed this had a sort of sting in it — a prick like the barb of a fish-hook, like the thorn upon a rose. He did not at the moment exactly perceive why he should have felt it so. After a little while, indeed, he began to smile at the idea that it was from Okeham that this sting came. What did one man's favor, even though that man was a cabinet minister, matter to him? It was not that, it was the discussion that followed which had left him with a prick of disquiet, a tingling spot in his mind. He must, he felt, speak to some one about Harry — not Lord Okeham, whom he did not know, who had evidently changed his mind about that specimen of so well-known, etc. He would not dream of saying anything to him, a man not sympathetic, a stranger whom, though he might offer him a cup of tea, he did not really know; but it was very clear that Harry ought to have something to do.

So ought Jack. Jack had a profession, but did not make much by it. He had determined that his sons should not be artists like himself — that they should have

no precarious career, dependent on the favor of picture-dealers and patrons, notwithstanding that he himself had done very well in that way. He had always resolved from the beginning to give them every advantage. Mr. Sandford recalled to mind that a few years ago he had been very strenuous on this point, talking of the duty of giving his children the very best education, which was the best thing any father could do for his children. He had been very confident indeed on that subject; now he paused and rubbed his chin meditatively with his mahlstick. Was it possible that he was not quite so sure now? He shook himself free from this troublesome coil of thought, and made up his mind that he must make an effort about Harry. Then he put down his pencils and went out for his afternoon walk.

In earlier days Mrs. Sandford would have come into the studio; she would have talked Lord Okeham over; she would have said, "Oh, he did not like that forest bit, didn't he? Upon my word! I suppose my lord thinks he is a judge!"

"What he said was reasonable enough. He does know something about it. I told you myself I was not satisfied with the balance of color. The shadow's too dark. The middle distance — "

"Oh, Edward, don't talk nonsense — that's just like you — you're so ridiculously modest. If the cook were to come in one morning and tell you she thought your composition bad, you would say she approached the picture without any bias, and probably what she said was quite true. Come out for a walk."

This, be it clearly understood, was an imaginary conversation. It did not take place for the excellent reason that Mrs. Sandford was in the drawing-room, smiling at the witticisms of her young ones, and saying at intervals, "Come, come, Lizzie!" and "Don't be so satirical, Jack." They were not nearly such good company as her husband, nor did they want her half so much, but she thought they did, and that it was her duty to be there. So Mr. Sandford, who did not think of it at all as a grievance, but only as a natural necessity, had nothing but an imaginary talk which did not relieve him much, and went out for his walk by himself.

It would be foolish to date absolutely from that day a slight change that began to work in him — but it did come on about this time; and that was an anxiety that the boys should get on and begin their life's work in earnest which had not affected him before. He had been too busy to think

much except about his work so long as the young ones were well; and the period at which the young ones become men and women is not always easy for a father to discern so long as they are all under his roof as in their childish days. He, too, had let things flow along in the well-being of the time without pausing to inquire how long it was to last, or what was to come of it. A man of sixty who is in perfectly good health does not feel himself to be old though he may be so, nor think it necessary to consider the approaching end of his career. Something, however, aroused him now about these boys. He got a little irritable when he saw Harry about, playing tennis with the girls, sometimes spending the whole day in flannels. "Why can't he do something?" he said to his wife.

"Dear Edward," said Mrs. Sandford, "what can the poor boy do? He is only too anxious to do something. He is always talking to me about it. If only Lord Okeham or some one would get a post for him. Is there no one you can speak to about poor Harry?"

This was turning the tables upon Harry's father, who, to tell the truth, was very slow to ask favors and did not like it at all. He did speak, however—not to Lord Okeham, but to an inferior potentate, and was told that all the lists were full, although everybody would be delighted, of course, to serve him if possible; and nothing came of that. Then there was Jack. The young man came in to dinner one day in the highest spirits. He had got a brief—a real brief—a curiosity which he regarded with a jocular admiration. "I shall be a rich man in no time," he said.

"How much is your fee?" asked one of the girls. "You must take us somewhere with it, Jack."

"It is two guineas," Jack said, and then there was a general burst of laughter—that laughter young and fresh which is sweet to the ears of fathers and mothers.

"That's majestic," Harry said; "lend us something, old fellow, for luck," and they all laughed again. They thought it a capital joke that Jack should earn two guineas in six months. It did not hurt him or any of them; he had everything he wanted as if he had been earning hundreds. But Mr. Sandford did not laugh. This time it vexed and disturbed him to hear all the cheerful banter and talk about Jack's two guineas.

"It is all very well to laugh," he said to

his wife afterwards, "but how is he ever to live upon that?"

"Dear Edward, it's not like you to take their fun in earnest," said the mother. "The poor boy has such spirits—and then it's always a beginning."

"I am afraid his spirits are too good. If he would only take life a little more seriously—"

"Why should he?" said Mrs. Sandford, taking high ground; "it is his happiest time. If he wanted to marry and set up for himself it might be different. But they have no cares—as yet. We ought to be thankful they are all so happy at home. Few young men love their home like our boys. We ought to be very thankful," she repeated with a devout look upon her upturned face. It took the words out of his mouth. He could not say any more.

But he kept on thinking. The time was passing away with great rapidity—far more quickly than it had ever done. Sunday trod on the heels of Sunday, and the months jostled each other as they flew along. Presently it was Jack's birthday, and there was a dance and a great deal of affectionate pleasure; but when Mr. Sandford remembered how old the boy was, it gave him a start which none of the others felt. At that age he himself had been Jack's father, he had laid the foundation of his reputation and was a rising man. If they did not live at home and had not everything provided for them, what would become of these boys? It gave him a sort of panic to think of it. In the very midst of the dance, when he was himself standing in the midst of a little knot of respectable fathers watching the young ones enjoying themselves, this thought overtook him and made him shiver.

"Getting on, I hear, very well at the bar," one of the gentlemen said.

"He is not making very much money as yet," replied Mr. Sandford.

"Oh, nobody does that—at first, at least; but so long as he has you to fall back upon," this good-natured friend said with a nod of his head.

Mr. Sandford could not make any reply. He kept saying to himself, "Two guineas—two guineas—he could not live very long on that." And Harry had not even two guineas. It fretted him to have this thought come back at all manner of unlikely times. He did not seem able to shake it off. And Mrs. Sandford was always on the defensive, seeing this thought in his eyes, and making responses to it, speaking at it, always returning to the

subject. She dwelt upon the goodness of the boys, and their love of their home, and how good it was for the girls to have them, and how nobody made their mark all at once, "except people that have genius like you," she said with that wifely admiration and faith which is so sweet to a man. What more could he say?

II.

ABOUT the same time, or a little later, another shadow rose up upon Mr. Sandford's life. It was like the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, like a mere film upon the blue sky at first. Perhaps the very first appearance of it — the faintest shadow of a shade upon the blue — arose on that day when Lord Okeham visited the studio and went away without giving any commission. Not that great personages had not come before with the same result; but that this time there had been supposed to be a distinct purpose in his visit beyond that of taking a cup of tea with the artist's wife and daughters — and this purpose had not been carried out. It was not the cloud, but it was a sort of *avant-coureur* of the cloud, like the chill little momentary breath which sometimes heralds a storm. No storm followed, but the shadow did grow. The next thing that made it really shape itself as a little more than a film was the fact of his Academy picture, the principal one of the year, coming back — without any explanation at all; not purchased, nor even with any application from the printsellers about an engraving; simply coming back as it had gone into the exhibition. No doubt in the course of a long career such a thing as this, too, had happened before. But there was generally something to account for it, and the picture thus returned seldom dwelt long in the painter's hands. This time, however, it subsided quite quietly into its place, lighting up the studio with a great deal of color and interest, "a pleasure to see," Mrs. Sandford said, who had often declared that the worst thing of being a painter's wife was that she never liked to see the pictures go away. This might be very true, and it is quite possible that it was a pleasure to behold, standing on its easel against a wall which generally was enlivened only with the earliest of sketches, and against which a lay figure grinned and sprawled.

But the prospect was not quite agreeable to the painter. However cheerfully he went into his studio in the morning, he always grew grave when he came in front of that brilliant canvas. It was the

"Black Prince at Limoges," a picture full of life and action, with all the aid of mediæval costume and picturesque groups — such a picture as commanded everybody's interest in Mr. Sandford's younger days. He would go and stand before it for an hour at a time, trying to find some fault in the composition, or in the flesh tints, or the arrangements of the draperies. It took away his thoughts from the subject he was then engaged in working out. Sometimes he would put up his hand to separate one portion from another, sometimes divide it with a screen of paper, sometimes even alter an outline with chalk, or mellow a spot of color with his brush. There was very little fault to be found with the picture. It carried out all the rules of composition. The group of women who formed the central light was full of beauty; the sick warrior to whom they appealed was a marvel of strength and ferocity, made all the keener by the pallor of his illness. There was nothing to be said against the picture; except, perhaps, that, had not this been Mr. Sandford's profession, there was no occasion for its existence at all.

When the mind has once been filled with a new idea it is astounding how many events occur to heighten it. Other distinguished visitors came to the studio, like Lord Okeham, and went away again, having left a great deal of praise and a little criticism, but nothing else, behind them. These were not, perhaps, of importance enough to have produced much effect at an ordinary moment, but they added to the general discouragement. Mr. Sandford smiled within himself at the mistakes the amateurs made, and the small amount of real knowledge which they showed; but when they were gone the smile became something like that which is generally and vulgarly described as being on the wrong side of the mouth. It was all very well to smile at the amateurs — but it was in the long run their taste and not that of the heaven-born artist, which carried the day; and when a man takes away in his pocket the sum which ought to supply your balance at your banker's, the sight of his back as he goes out at the door is not pleasant. Mr. Sandford had not come to that pitch yet; but he laughed no longer, and felt a certain ruefulness in his own look when one after another departed without a word of a commission. There were other things, too, not really of the slightest importance, which deepened the impression — the chatter of Jack's friends, for instance, some of whom were young journal-

ists, and talked the familiar jargon of critics. He came into the drawing-room one day during one of his wife's teas, and found two or three young men, sprawling about with legs stretched out over the limited space, who were pulling to pieces a recent exhibition of the works of a Royal Academician. "You would think you had got among half-a-dozen different sorts of people dressed for private theatricals," said one of the youths. "Old models got up as Shakespearian kings, and that sort of thing. You know, Mrs. Sandford; conventional groups trying to look as if they were historical."

"I remember Mr. White's pictures very well," said Mrs. Sandford. "I used to think them beautiful. We all rushed to see what he had in the exhibition, upon the private-view day, when I did not know so much about it as I do now."

"Ah, yes; before you knew so much about it," said the art authority. "You would think very differently to-day."

"The whole school is like that," said another. "Historical painting is gone out like historical novel-writing. The public is tired of costume. Life is too short for that sort of thing. We want a far more profound knowledge of the human figure and beauty in the abstract —"

"Stuff!" said Harry; "the British public doesn't want your mudities, whatever you may think."

"The British public likes babies, and sick girls getting well, and beautiful young gentlemen saying eternal adieux to lovely young ladies," said one of the girls.

"To be sure, that sort of thing always goes on; but everybody must feel that in cultured circles there is a far greater sense of the beauty of color for itself and art for art than in those ridiculous old days when the subject was everything —"

"You confuse me with your new lights," said Mrs. Sandford. "I always did think there was a great deal in a good subject."

"My dear Mrs. Sandford!" cried one of the young men, laughing; while another added, with the solemnity of his kind, —

"People really did think so at one time. It was a genuine belief so long as it lasted. I am not one of those who laugh at faith so *naïf*. Whatever is true even for a time has a right to be respected," said this profound young man.

Mr. Sandford came in at this point, having paused a little to enjoy the fun, as he said to himself. It was wonderful to hear how they chattered — these babes. "I am glad to hear that you are all so tolerant of the old fogeys," he said, with a

laugh as he showed himself. And one at least of the young men had the good taste to jump up as if he were ashamed of himself, and to take his legs out of the way.

"I suppose that's the new creed that those fellows were giving forth," he said to Jack, when the other young men were gone.

"Oh, I don't know, sir," said Jack, with an embarrassed laugh. "We all of us say our say."

"But that is the say of most of you, I suppose," said his father.

"Well, sir, I suppose every generation has its own standard. 'The old order changeth,' don't you know — in art as well as in other things."

"I see; and you think we know precious little about it," said Mr. Sandford, with a joyless smile which curled his lip without conveying any mirthful impulse. He felt angry and unreasonably annoyed at the silly boys who knew so little. "But they know how to put that rubbish into words, and they get it published, and it affects the general opinion," he said to himself, with perhaps a feeling, not unnatural in the circumstances, that he would like to drown those kittens with their miauling about things they knew nothing about. Angry moods, however, did not last long in Mr. Sandford's mind. He went back to his studio and looked at the "Black Prince" in the light of these criticisms. And he found that some of the old courtiers in attendance on the sick warrior did look unfeignedly like old models, which indeed they were, and that there was more composition than life in the attitudes of the women. "I always thought that arm should come like this," he said to himself, taking up his chalk.

One day about this time he had a visit from Daniells, the picture-dealer, leading a millionaire — a newly fledged one — who was making a gallery and buying right and left. Daniells, though he was very dubious about his h's, was a good fellow, and always ready to stand by a friend. He was taking his millionaire a round of the studios, and especially to those in which there was something which had not "come off," according to his phraseology. The millionaire was exceptionally ignorant and outspoken, expressing his own opinion freely. "What sort of a thing have we got here?" he said, walking up to the "Black Prince"; "uncommon nice lot of girls, certainly; but what are they all doing round the fellow out of the hospital? I say, is it something catching?" he cried, giving Mr. Sandford

a dig with his elbow. Daniells laughed at this long and loudly, but it was the utmost the painter could do to conjure up a simple smile. He explained as well as he could that they were begging for life, and that the town was being sacked, a terrible event of which his visitor might have heard.

"Sacked," said the millionaire; "you mean that they're factory hands and have got the sack, or that they have been just told they've got to work short time. I understand that; and it shows how human nature's just the same in all ages. But I can tell you that in Lancashire it's a nice rowing he'd have got instead of all these sweet looks. They would not have let him off like that, don't you think it. Wherever you get your women from, ours ain't of that kind."

Sandford tried to explain what kind of a sack it was, but he did not succeed, for the rich man was much pleased with his own view.

"It's a fine picture," said Daniells; "Mr. Sandford, he's one of the very best of our modern masters, sir. He has got a great name, and beautiful his pictures look in a gallery with the others to set 'em off. Hung on the line in the Academy, and collected crowds. I shouldn't 'a been surprised if they'd 'ad to put a rail round it like they did to Mr. Frith's."

He gave a wink to Mr. Sandford as he spoke, which made our poor painter sick.

"I've got one of Frith's," said the millionaire.

"You'll 'ave got one of every modern artist worth counting when you've got Mr. Sandford's," said Daniells, with a pat upon the shoulder to his wealthy client. That gentleman turned round, putting his hands into his pockets.

"I've seen some pictures as I liked better," he said.

"Yes, I know. You've seen that one o' Millais's, a regular stunner; but, God bless you, that's but one figger, and twice the money. Look at the work in that," cried the dealer, turning his man round again, who gave the picture another condescending inspection from one corner to the other.

"I don't deny there's a deal of work in it," he said, "if it's painted fair with everything from the life; and I don't mind taking it to complete my collection; but I'll expect to have that considered in the price," he added, turning once more on the painter. "You see, Mr. — (What's the gentleman's name, Daniells?) I am not death on the picture for itself. It's a fine

showy picture, and I don't doubt 't'll look well when it's hung; but big things like that, as don't tell their story plain, they're not exactly my taste. However, it's all right since Daniells says so. The only man I know that goes in for that sort of thing thinks all the world of Daniells. 'Go to Daniells,' he says, 'and you'll be all right.' So I'll take the picture, but I'll expect a hundred or two off for ready money. I suppose there's discount in all trades."

"Say fifty off, and you'll do very well, and get a fine thing cheap," said Daniells.

Mr. Sandford's countenance had darkened. He was very amiable, very courteous, much indisposed to bargaining, but he felt as if his customer had jumped upon him, and it was all he could do to contain himself. "I never make —" he began, with a little haughtiness most unusual to him; but before he had said the final words he caught Daniells's eye, who was making anxious signs to him. The picture-dealer twisted his face into a great many contortions. He raised his eyebrows, he moved his lips, he made all kinds of gestures; at last, under a pretence of looking at a sketch, he darted between Mr. Sandford and the other, and in a hoarse whisper said "Take it," imperatively, in the painter's ear.

Mr. Sandford came to an astonished pause. He looked at the uncouth patron of art, and at the dealer, and at the picture, in turn. It was on his lips to say that nothing would induce him to let the "Black Prince" go; but something stopped and chilled him — something, he could not tell what. He paused a moment, then retired suddenly to the back of the studio. "I am not good at making bargains — I will leave myself," he said, "in Mr. Daniells's hands."

"Ah, a bad system — a bad system. Every man ought to make his own bargains," said the rich man.

Mr. Sandford did not listen. He began to turn over a portfolio of old sketches as if that were the most important thing in the world. He heard the voices murmur on, sometimes louder, sometimes lower, broken by more than one sharp exclamation, but restrained himself and did not interfere. Many thoughts went through his mind while he stooped over the big portfolio, and turned over, without seeing them, sketch after sketch. Why should he be bidden to "take it" in that imperative way? What did Daniells know which made him interfere with such a high hand? He was tempted again and again to turn

round, to put a stop to the negotiation, to say, as he had the best right, "I'll have none of this;" but he did not do it, though he could not even to himself explain why.

He found eventually that Daniells had sold the picture for him at a reduction of fifty guineas from the original price, which was a thing of no importance. He hated the bargain, but the little sacrifice of the money moved him not at all. He recovered his temper or his composure when the arrangement was completed, and smiled with a reserved acceptance of the millionaire's invitation to "come to my place and see it hung," as he showed the pair away. They were a well-matched pair, and Daniells was no doubt far better adapted to deal with such a man than a sensitive, proud artist, who did not like to have his toes trodden upon. After a while, indeed, Mr. Sandford felt himself quite able to smile at the incident, and shook off all his annoyance. He went in to luncheon with the cheque in his hand.

"I have sold the 'Black Prince,'" he said, with a certain pleasure, even triumph, in his voice, remembering how Jack's friends had scoffed, if not at the picture, at least at the school to which it belonged.

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Sandford, half pleased, half regretful. "I knew we should not have to give it house-room long." She gave a glance round her as if she had heard something derogatory to the picture too.

"Who have you taken in and done for this time, father?" said Harry, who was given to banter.

"Was it that horrid man who came with Mr. Daniells?" cried Lizzie. "Oh, papa, I should not have thought you would have sold a nice picture to such a man."

"Art-patrons are like gift-horses, we must not look them in the mouth," said the painter. "There are quantities of h's, no doubt, to be found about the studio; but if we stood upon that —"

"So long as he doesn't leave out anything, either h's or o's, in his cheque."

Mr. Sandford felt slightly, unreasonably offended by any reference to the cheque. He gave it to his wife to send it to the bank, with an annoyed apprehension that she would make some remark upon the fifty guineas which were left out. But Mrs. Sandford had not been his wife for thirty years without being able to read the annoyance in his face. And though she did not know what was its cause she respected it, and said not a word about the difference which her quick eye saw at

once. Could it be that which had vexed Edward? she asked herself — he was not usually a man who counted his pounds in that way.

The sending off of the "Black Prince," its packing and directing, and all the details of its departure, occupied him for some time. It was August, the beginning of holiday time, when, though never without a protest at the loss of the light days, even a painter idles a little. And the youngest boy had come from school, and they were all going to the seaside. Mr. Sandford did not like the bustle of the moment. He proposed to stay in town for a few days after the family, and join them when they had settled down in their new quarters. Before they went, however, he had an interview with one of those friends of Jack's who were always about the house, and whose opinions on art were so different from Mr. Sandford's, which gave another touch of excitement to the household. The young fellow wanted to marry Lizzie, as had been a long time apparent to everybody but her father. There was nothing to be said against him except that he had not much money; but Mr. Sandford thought that young Moulton looked startled when he had to inform him that Lizzie would have no fortune. "Of course that was not of the least consequence," he said, but he gave his future father-in-law a curious and startled look.

"I think he was disappointed that there was no money," the painter said afterwards to his wife.

"Oh, Edward! there is nothing mercenary about him!" said Mrs. Sandford; but she sighed and added, "If there only had been a little for her — just enough for her clothes. It makes such a difference to a young married woman. It is hard to have to ask your husband for everything."

"Did you think so, Mary?" he asked, with a smile but a sense of pain.

"I — but we were not like ordinary people, we were just two fools," said the wife, with a smile which brightened all her face; "but," she added, shaking her head, "we don't marry our daughters like that."

"If she is half as good to him as you have been to me —"

"Oh, don't speak," she said, putting up her hand to stop his mouth. "Lance Moulton can never be the hundredth part so good as *my* husband." But she stopped after this little outburst, and laughed, and again shaking her head repeated, "But we don't marry our daughters like that."

He felt inclined to ask, but did not, why?

When they all went away Mr. Sandford felt a little lonely, left by himself in the house, and perhaps it was that as much as anything else that set him thinking again. His wife had pressed the question of what Lizzie would want if she married young Moulton, who was only a journalist, on several occasions, until at last they had both decided that a small allowance might be made to her in place of a fortune.

"Fifty pounds is the interest of a thousand, and that is what she will have when we die," Mrs. Sandford said, who was not learned in per cents. "I think we might give her fifty pounds a year, Edward."

"Fifty pounds will not do much good," he said.

"Not in their housekeeping, perhaps; but to have even fifty pounds will be a great thing for *her*. If will make her so much more comfortable." Thus they concluded the matter between them, though not without a certain hesitation on Mr. Sandford's part. It was strange that he should hesitate. He had always been so liberal, ready to give. There was no reason why he should take fright now. There was the millionaire's cheque for the "Black Prince," which had just been paid into the bank, leaving a comfortable balance to their credit. There was no pressure of any kind for the moment. To those who had known what it was to await their next payment very anxiously in order to pay very pressing debts, and had seen the little stream of money flowing, flowing away, till it almost seemed to be on the point of disappearing altogether, the ease of having a considerable sum to their credit was indescribable; but Mrs. Sandford was more and more wrapped up in the children, and though never indifferent, yet a little detached in every-day thought and action from her husband. She did not ask him as usual about his commissions and his future work. She seemed altogether at ease in her mind about everything that was not the boys and the girls.

III.

THE house was very quiet when they were all away. Merely to look into the drawing-room was enough to give any one a chill. The sense of emptiness where generally every corner was full, and silence where there were always so many voices, was very depressing. Mr. Sandford consoled himself by a very hard day's work the first day of the absence of his

family, getting on very well indeed and making a great advance in the picture he was painting—a small picture intended for one of his oldest friends. In the evening, as he had nothing else to occupy him, he moved about the studio, not going into the other parts of the house at all, and amused himself by making a little study of the moonlight as it came in upon the plants in the conservatory. His house was in a quarter not fashionable, somewhere between St. John's Wood and Regent's Park, and consequently there was more room than is usual in London, a pretty garden and plenty of air. The effect of the moonlight and the black, exaggerated shadows amused him. The thought passed through his mind that if perhaps he were one of the new-fangled school whom Jack's friends believed in, he would turn that unreal scene which was so indubitable a fact into a picture and probably make a great success as an impressionist—an idea at which he smiled with a milder but not less genuine contempt than the young impressionist might have felt for Mr. Sandford's school. He had half a mind to do it—to conceal his name and send it to one of the lesser exhibitions, so as afterwards to have a laugh at the young men, and prove to them how easy the trick was, and that any old fogey who took the trouble could beat them in their own way. Next morning, however, he threw the sketch into a portfolio, with a horror of the black-and-white extravagance which in the daylight offended his artist-eye, and which he had a suspicion was not so good after all, or so easy a proof of the faculty of doing that sort of thing as he had supposed. And that day his work did not advance so quickly or so satisfactorily. He listened for the swing of the door at the other end of the passage which connected the studio with the house, though he knew well enough there was no one who could come to disturb him. There are days when it is so agreeable to be disturbed. And it was when he was painting in this languid way, and, as was natural, not at all pleasing himself with his work, that there suddenly and most distinctly came before him, as if some one had come in and said it, a thing—a fact, which strangely enough he had not even thought of before. When it first occurred to him his hand suddenly stopped work with an action of its own before the mind had time to influence it, and there was a sudden rush of heat to his head. He felt drops of moisture come out on his forehead; his heart for a second paused

too. His whole being received a shock — a start. For the first moment he could scarcely make out what this extraordinary sudden commotion, for which his mind seemed only partially responsible, could be.

This was what had in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, occurred to the painter. He had, of course, been aware of it before without giving any particular importance to the fact. The fact, indeed, in a precarious uncertain profession like his, in which a piece of good fortune might occur at any moment, was really not of the first importance; but it flashed upon him now in a significance and with a force which no such thing had ever held before. It was this — that when he had completed the little picture upon which he was working he had no other commission of any kind on hand. It sounds very prosaic to be a thing capable of giving such a tragic shock — but it was not prosaic. One can even conceive circumstances in which despair and death might be in such words; and to no one in Mr. Sandford's position could they be pleasant. Even if the fact represented no material loss, it would represent loss — which at his age could never be made up — loss of acceptance, loss of position, that kind of failure which is popularly represented as being "shelved," put aside as a thing that is done with; always a keen and grievous pang. But to our painter the words meant more than that. They meant a cutting off of the ground from under his feet, a sudden arrest of everything, a full stop, which in his fully-flowing liberal life was a tragic horror and impossibility, a something far more terrible than death. It had upon him something of the character of a paralytic stroke. His hand, as we have said, stopped work sharply, suddenly; it trembled, and the brush with which he was painting fell from it; his limbs tottered under him, his under lip dropped, his heart gave a leap and then a dead pause. He stumbled backwards for a few steps and sank into a chair.

Well; it was only for a few moments that he remained under the influence of this shock. He picked himself up again and then picked up his brush and dried the perspiration from his forehead, and his heart with a louder beat went on again as if also crying out "Well!" When he had recovered the power of thought — which was not for a moment or two — he smiled to himself and said, "What then?" Such a thing had happened before. In an artist's life there are often hair-breadth

'scapes, and now and then the most prosperous comes, as it were, to a dead wall — which is always battered through by a little perseverance or else opens by itself, melting asunder at the touch of some heaven-sent patron or happy accident, and so all goes on more prosperously than before. Mr. Sandford had passed through many such crises at the beginning of his career, and even when fully established had never been entirely certain from whence his next year's income was to come. But it had always come; there had never been any real break in it — no failure of the continuity. He had seemed to himself to be as thoroughly justified in reckoning upon this continuity as any man in an office with so much a year. It might be a little more or a little less, and there was always that not unpleasant character of vagueness about it. It might even by a lucky chance for one fortunate year be almost doubled, and this had happened on rare occasions; but very seldom had there been any marked diminution in the yearly incomings. He said, "Pooh, pooh," to himself as he went up to his picture again smiling, with his brush in his hand; not for such a matter as that was he going to be discouraged. It was a thing that had happened before, and would no doubt happen again. He began to work at his picture, and went on with great spirit for perhaps a quarter of an hour, painting in (for he had no model that morning) a piece of drapery from a lay figure, and catching just the tone he wanted on the beautiful bit of brocade which figured in the picture as part of a Venetian lady's majestic dress. He was unusually successful, and quite succeeded for ten perhaps of these fifteen minutes in amusing himself and distracting his thoughts from that discovery. A bit of success is very exhilarating; it made him more confident than anything else could have done. But when he had got his effect his smile began to fade away, and his face grew grave again and his hand trembled once more. After a while he was obliged to give up and take a rest, putting down his palette and brush with a sort of impatience and relief in getting rid of them. Could he have gone straight to his wife and made her take a turn with him in the garden, or even talked it over with her in the studio, no doubt the impression would have died off; but she was absent, and he could not do that; most likely, indeed, if she had been at home she would have been absorbed in some calculation about Lizzie's affairs and would

not have noticed his preoccupation at all.

He sat down again in that chair, and said once more to himself, "What then?" and thought over the times in which this accident had happened before. But there now suddenly occurred to him another thought which was like the chill of an icy hand touching his heart. The same thing had happened before—but he had never been sixty before. He felt himself struck by this as if some one had given him a blow. It was quite true; he had called himself laughingly an old *foey*, and when he and his old friends were together they talked a great deal about their age, and about the young fellows pushing them from their seats. How much the old fellows mean when they say this, heaven knows. So long as they are strong and well they mean very little. It is an amusing kind of adoption of the folly of the young which seems to show what folly it is—a sort of brag in its way of their own superiority to all such decrepitudes, and easy power of laughing at what does not really touch them. But alone in their own private retirements, when a thought like this suddenly comes, a sharp and sudden realization of age and what it means, no doubt the effect is different. For the moment Mr. Sandford was appalled by the discovery he had made, which had never entered his mind before. Ah! a pause in one's means of making one's living, a sudden stop in the wheels of one's life, is a little alarming, a little exciting, perhaps a discouragement, perhaps a sharp and keen stimulant at other times. At forty, even at fifty, it may be the latter; but at sixty!—this gives at once a new character to the experience—a character never apprehended before. His heart, which had begun to spring up with an elasticity natural to him, stopped again—nay, did not stop, but fell into a sudden dulness of beating, a subdued silence as if ice-bound. Sensation was too much for thought; his mind could not go into it; he only felt it, with a dumb pang which was deeper than either words or thought.

He could not do any more work that day. He tried again two or three times, but ended by putting down his palette with a sense of incapacity such as he thought he had never felt before. As a matter of fact he might have felt it a hundred times and attached no importance to it; he would have gone into the house, leaving his studio, and talked or read, or gone out for a walk, or to his club, or to see a friend, saying he did not feel up to work

to-day, and there would have been an end of it. But he was alone and none of these distractions were possible to him. Luncheon came, however, which he could not eat, but sat over drearily, not able to get away from the impression of that thought. Afterwards it occurred to him that he would go and see Daniells and ask him—he was not quite clear what. He could not go to one of his friends and ask, "Am I falling off—do you see it? Has my hand lost its cunning—am I getting old and is my mind going?" He could not ask any one such questions as these. He smiled at it dolefully, feeling all the ridicule of the suggestion. He knew his mind was not going—but—At last he made up his mind what he would do. It was a long walk to Bond Street, but it was now afternoon and getting cooler, and the walk did him good. He reached Daniells's just before the picture-dealer left off business for the day. He was showing some one out very obsequiously through the outer room all hung with pictures when he saw Sandford coming in. The stranger looked much interested and pleased when he heard Sandford's name.

"Introduce me, please," he said, "if this is the great Mr. Sandford, Daniells."

"It is, Sir William," said Daniells; and Sir William offered his hand with the greatest effusion. "This is a pleasure that I have long desired," he said.

Mr. Sandford was surprised—he was taken unawares, and the greeting touched his heart. "After all, perhaps it isn't that," he said to himself.

"What a piece of luck that you should have come in just then! Why, that's Sir William Bloomfield—just the very man for you to know."

"Why for me more than another? I know his name, of course," said Mr. Sandford, "and he seems pleasant; but I'm too old for new friends."

"Too old; stuff and nonsense! You're always a-harping on that string. He's just the man for you, just the man," said Daniells, rubbing his hands.

Mr. Sandford was amused—perhaps a little pleased by this encounter; and the pressure of his heavy thoughts was stilled. He began to look at the new pictures which had come into the gallery, to admire some and criticise others. Daniells had the good sense always to listen to Mr. Sandford's criticisms with attention. They had furnished him with a great many telling phrases, and given to his own rough and practical knowledge of art a little occasional polish which surprised and over-

awed many of his customers. He listened admiringly now as usual.

"What a deal you do know, to be sure!" he said after a while. "I don't know one of them that can make a thing clear like you, old man. It's a shame —" and here he coughed and broke off as if endeavoring to swallow his last words.

"What is a shame?" The broken sentence changed Mr. Sandford's mood again — the momentary cheer died away. "Daniells," he said, "I want you to tell me what you meant the other day by forcing me to accept that man's offer. Yes, you did. I should not have let him have the picture but for you."

"Forcing him! Oh, that's a nice thing to say — the most obstinate fellow in all London!"

"Never mind that; I can see you are fencing. Come, why did you do it?"

Daniells paused for some time. He said a great many things to stave off his confusion, many half-things which involved others, and made his answer perhaps more clear than if he had put it directly into words.

"I see," Mr. Sandford said at last, "you thought it very unlikely that I should sell it at all to any one who knew better."

"It ain't that. They don't know half enough, hang 'em! or they wouldn't run after a booby like Blank and neglect you."

Mr. Sandford smiled what he felt to be a very sickly smile. "We must let Blank have his day," he said, "I don't grudge it him; but I'd like to know why my chances are so bad. I have always sold my pictures."

Daniells gave him a sudden look, as if he would have spoken; then thought better of it, and said nothing.

"I have had no reason to complain," Mr. Sandford continued; "I have done very well on the whole. I have never had extravagant prices like Em or En."

"No," said Daniells; "you see, you've never made an 'it. You've gone on doing good work, and you've always done good work. I'd say that if I were to die for it; but you've never made an 'it."

"I suppose that's true; but you need not put it so very frankly," said the painter with a laugh.

"Frankly! I've got occasion to put it frankly; and I say it's a d——d shame — that's what it is," cried Daniells, raising his voice.

"You've had occasion? Now that we're on this subject, I should like to get to the bottom of it. You've had occasion?"

"Well, of course," said the picture-dealer, "if you drive me into a corner. I'm in the middle of everything, and I hear what people say —"

"What do they say? That I've lost my sense of color like old Millrain, or fallen into my dotage like —"

"Nonsense, Sandford! You know it's nothing of the kind. Don't talk such confounded nonsense. You are painting quite as well as ever, you know you are. They — people don't care for that sort of thing. It's too good for them, or you're too good for them, or I don't know what."

Mr. Sandford kept smiling — not for pleasure; he was conscious of that sort of fixed smile that might be thought a sneer, at those people for whom he was too good. "And you've had occasion," he said, "to prove this?"

"Don't smile at me like that — don't look like that. If you knew how I've argued and put it all before 'em — I've said a hundred times if I've said once, 'Sandford! why, Sandford's one of the best. There isn't a better-educated painter, not in England. You can't pick a hole in his pictures, try as you like.'"

"Am I indeed so much discussed?" said the victim. "I did not know I was of such importance. And on what ground have you held this discussion, Daniells? There must have been some occasion for it. I don't see anything here of mine."

"Look here," cried the picture-dealer, roused, "if you won't believe me." He opened the door of an inner room, into which Mr. Sandford followed him. And there, with their faces turned to the wall, were three pictures in a row. The shape of them gave him a faint, uneasy feeling. By this time Daniells had been wound up to self-defence, and thought of the painter's feelings no more.

"Look 'ere," he said, "I shouldn't have said a word if you had let well alone — but look 'ere." Before one of the pictures was visible Mr. Sandford knew what he was going to see. Three pictures of his own, of a kind for which he had been famous — cabinet pictures, for which there had always been the readiest market. He recognized them all with a faintness that made his brain swim and the light go from his eyes. They seemed so familiar, like children. At the first glance, without looking at them, he knew what they were and all about them, and had a sick longing that the earth would open and swallow them, and hide his shame, for so it seemed.

"If that don't show how I've trusted

you, nothing can," said the dealer. "I thought they were as safe as the bank. I bought them all on spec, thinking I'd get a customer as soon as they were in the shop—and, if you'll believe me, nobody 'll have them. I can't tell what people are thinking of, but that's the truth."

Mr. Sandford stood with the light going out of his eyes, gazing straight before him. "In that case—in that case," he began, "you should—I must—"

"I say, don't take it like that, old man. It's the fortune of war. One up and another down. It can't be helped, don't you know. Sandford, I say! why, it 'll come all right again in half-a-dozen years or so. It 'll come all right after a time."

"What did you say?" said Mr. Sandford, dazed. Then he answered vaguely, "Oh yes; all right—all right."

"What's the matter? I've been a wretched fool. Sandford, here, I say, have a glass of wine."

"There's nothing the matter. It seems to me a little—cold. I know—I know it's not a cold day; but there's a chill wind about, penetrating—thanks, Daniells, you've cleared up my problem very well. Now, I think—I think I understand."

"Don't go now, Sandford; don't go like this."

"I want," he said, smiling again, "to think it over. Much obliged to you, Daniells, for helping me to understand."

"Sandford, don't go like this. You make me awfully anxious—I'm sure you're ill. I can't let you go out of my place, looking so dreadfully ill, without some one with you."

"Some one with me! I hope you don't mean to insult me, Daniells. I am perfectly well—a little startled, but that's all. I shall go and take a walk, and blow away the cobwebs, and—think it over. That's the best thing. I'm much obliged to you, Daniells. Good-bye."

"Have a hansom, at least," Daniells said.

"No hansom," Mr. Sandford answered, turning upon the dealer with a curious smile. He even laughed a little—low, but quite distinct. "No, I'll have no hansom. Good-bye, Daniells, good-bye."

And in a minute he was gone. The picture-dealer went out to the door after him, and followed him with his eyes until his figure was lost in the crowd. Daniells was alarmed. He blamed himself for his frankness. "I never thought he'd have taken it to heart like that," he said to himself. "Yes, I did; or I might have done

—he's awful proud. But I'm 'asty. I can't help it; I'm always doing things I'm sorry for. Anyhow, he must have found it out some time, sooner or later," the dealer said to himself; and this philosophy silenced his fears.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE DISENCHANTMENT OF FRANCE.

Quod procul a nobis flectat Fortuna gubernans!
Et ratio potius quam res persuadet ipsa
Succidere horrisono posse omnia victa fragore.

Lucretius.

It has fallen to the lot of the French people to point more morals, to emphasize more lessons from their own experience than any other nation in modern history. Parties and creeds of the most conflicting types have appealed to Paris in turn for their brightest example, their most significant warning. The strength of monarchy and the risks of despotism; the nobility of faith, and the cruel cowardice of bigotry; the ardor of republican fraternity and the terrors of anarchic disintegration—the most famous instance of any and every extreme is to be found in the long annals of France. And so long as the French mind, at once logical and mobile, continues to be the first to catch and focus the influences which are slowly beginning to tell on neighboring States, so long will its evolution possess for us the unique interest of a glimpse into stages of development through which our own national mind also may be destined ere long to pass.

Yet there has of late been a kind of reluctance on the part of other civilized countries to take to themselves the lessons which French history still can teach. In Germany there has been a tone of repudiation, an opposition of French vice to Teuton virtue; and in England there has been some aloofness of feeling, some disposition to think that the French have fallen through their own fault into a decadence which our robuster nation need not fear.

In the brief review, however, which this paper will contain of certain gloomy symptoms in the spiritual state of France we shall keep entirely clear of any disparaging comparisons or insinuated blame. Rather we shall regard France as the most sensitive organ of the European body politic; we shall feel that her dangers of to-day are ours of to-morrow, and that unless there be salvation for her our own prospects are dark indeed.

But in the first place, it may be asked, what right have we to speak of France as *decadent* at all? The word, indeed, is so constantly employed by French authors of the day that the foreigner may assume without impertinence that there is some fitness in its use. Yet have we here much more than a fashion of speaking? the humor of men who are "sad as night for very wantonness," who play with the notion of national decline as a rich man in temporary embarrassment may play with the notion of ruin? France is richer and more populous than ever before; her soldiers still fight bravely, and the mass of her population, as judged by the statistics of crime, or by the colorless half-sheet which forms the only national newspaper,* is at any rate tranquil and orderly. Compare the state of France now with her state just a century since, before the outbreak of the Revolution. Observers who noted that misgovernment and misery, those hordes of bandits prowling over the untilled fields, assumed it as manifest that, not the French monarchy only, but France herself, was crumbling in irremediable decay. And yet a few years later the very children reared as half-slaves, half-beggars, on black bread and ditch-water were marching with banners flying into Vienna and Moscow. One must be wary in predicting the decline of a nation which holds in reserve a spring of energy such as this.

Once more. Not physically alone, but intellectually, France has never, perhaps, been so strong as she is now. She is lacking, indeed, in statesmen of the first order, in poets and artists of lofty achievement, and, if our diagnosis be correct, she must inevitably lack such men as these. But on the other hand her living savants probably form as wise, as disinterested a group of intellectual leaders as any epoch of her history has known. And she listens to them with a new deference; she receives respectfully even the bitter home-truths of M. Taine; she honors M. Renan instead of persecuting him; she makes M. Pasteur her national hero. These men and men like these are virtually at the head of France; and if the love of truth, the search for truth, fortifies a nation, then assuredly France should be stronger now than under any of her kings or her Cæsars.

* *Le Petit Journal* has a circulation of nearly a million. What it does contain, or why it is taken, it might be hard to say; but at least it does not contain anything which could raise a blush, or prompt to an unawful action. Provincial life in France seldom finds literary expression (see Theuriet, Pierre Loti, Ferdinand Fabre); when it rises to a certain intellectual level it seems to merge irresistibly into the life of Paris.

Yet here we come to the very crux of the whole inquiry. If we maintain that an increasing knowledge of truth is necessarily a strength or advantage to a nation or an individual, we are assuming an affirmative answer to two weighty questions: the first, whether the scheme of the universe is on the whole good rather than evil; the second, whether even granting that the sum of things is good, each advancing step of our knowledge of the universe brings with it an increased realization of that ultimate goodness. Of course if we return to the first question the pessimistic answer—if the world is a bad place and cosmic suicide the only reasonable thing—the present discussion may at once be closed. For in that case there is no such thing as progress, no such thing as recovery; and the moral discouragement of France does but indicate her advance upon the road which we must all inevitably travel.

Let us assume, however, as is commonly assumed without too curious question, that the universe is good, and that to know the truth about it is on the whole an invigorating thing. Yet even thus it is by no means clear that each onward step we make in learning that truth will in itself be felt as invigorating. All analogy is against such a supposition; whether we turn to the history of philosophy, and the depression repeatedly following on the collapse of specious but premature conceptions, or to the history of individual minds, and the despair of the beginner in every art or study when he recognizes that he has made a false start; that he knows almost nothing; that the problems are far more difficult than his ignorance had suspected.

Now I think it is not hard to show that France, even on the most hopeful view of her, is at present passing through a moment of spiritual reaction such as this. In that country where the pure dicta of science reign in the intellectual classes with less interference from custom, sentiment, tradition, than even in Germany itself, we shall find that science, at her present point, is a depressing, a disintegrating energy.

And therefore when we compare the present state of France with her state a century ago, we must not rank her dominant savants as a source of national strength. Rather they are a source of disenchantment, of *disillusionment*, to use the phrase of commonest recurrence in modern French literature and speech. Personally, indeed, the class of savants

includes many an example of unselfish diligence, of stoical candor, but their virtues are personal to themselves, and the upshot of their teaching affords no stable basis for virtue.

We may say, then, that in 1888 France possesses everything except illusions; in 1788 she possessed illusions and nothing else. The reign of reason, the return to nature, the social contract, liberty, equality, fraternity—the whole air of that wild time buzzed with new-hatched chimeras, while at the same time the old traditions of Catholicism, loyalty, honor, were still living in many an ardent heart.

What, then, is in effect the disenchantment which France has undergone? What are the illusions—the so-called, so-judged illusions which are fading now before the influence of science? How is a foreigner to analyze the confused changes in a great people's spiritual life? Must not his own personal acquaintance with Frenchmen, which is sure to be slight and shallow, unduly influence his judgment of the nation? It seems to me that he must set aside his personal acquaintanceships and form his opinion from current literature and current events; endeavoring so far as may be to elicit such general views of life as may be latent in the varying utterances of novelist, essayist, politician, philosopher, and poet. Thus reading and thus comparing, we shall discern a gradual atrophy of certain habits of thought, certain traditional notions; and if we class as *illusions* these old conceptions from which the French people seems gradually to be awakening, we find them reducible to four main heads: the *religious*, the *political*, the *sexual*, and the *personal* illusions.

I. By the "religious illusion"—speaking, it will be remembered, from the point of view of the Frenchman of the type now under discussion—I mean a belief in the moral government of the world, generally involving a belief in man's future life, in which life we may suppose virtue victorious, and the earth's injustices redressed. These cardinal beliefs, now everywhere on the defensive, are plainly losing ground in France more rapidly than elsewhere. And the strange thing is that while Christianity thus declines it seems to leave in France so little regret behind it; that its disappearance is signalized only by loud battles between liberalism and clericalism, not, as in England, by sad attempts at reconciliation, by the regrets and appeals of slowly severing men. A book like Chateaubriand's "*Génie du Christianisme*"

nay, even a book like Lamennais's "*Paroles d'un Croyant*," would now be felt to be an anachronism. Militant Catholicism seems almost to have died out with M. Veuillot's articles in the *Univers*; and an application to a high ecclesiastical authority for recent defences of the faith brought only a recommendation to read the bishops' charges, the *mandements d'évêque*. Paradox as it may seem, M. Renan is almost the only French writer of influence who believes that Christianity—of course a Christianity without miracles—will be in any sense the religion of the future; and his recent utterances show that pious sentiment, in his hands, is liable to sudden and unexpected transformations. A passage from the preface to his play "*L'Abbesse de Jouarre*" (1886) will illustrate the facility with which "the cult of the ideal" when freed from "the support of superstition" flows along lines of least resistance, and into a less austere and strenuous mould.

The abbess, too intelligent to believe in the dogmas which (from the highest motives) she has outwardly supported, and finding herself, under the Reign of Terror, confronted with the immediate prospect of death, yields (from the highest motives) to the solicitations of a fellow-prisoner, who ardently admires her. But it so happens that she is *not* guillotined; and she afterwards experiences a delicate distress in reconciling what may be termed the morality of great crises to the conventions of ordinary life. In a passage which in these pages I can only partially quote M. Renan explains and defends her.

That which, at the hour of death, must needs assume a character of absolute sincerity, is love. I often imagine that if humanity were to acquire the certain knowledge that the world was to come to an end in two or three days, love would break out on every side with a sort of frenzy; for love is held in check only by the absolutely necessary restrictions which the moral preservation of human society has imposed. When one perceived oneself confronted by a sudden and certain death, nature alone would speak; the strongest of her instincts, constantly checked and thwarted, would reassume its rights; a cry would burst from every breast when one knew that one might approach with perfect lawfulness the tree guarded by so many anathemas. . . . The world's last sigh would be as it were a kiss of sympathy addressed to the universe—and perhaps to somewhat that is beyond. One would die in the sentiment of the highest adoration, and in the most perfect act of prayer. . . .

I hope that my Abbess may please those idealists who have no need to believe in the existence of disembodied spirits in order to

believe in duty, and who know that moral nobility does not depend on metaphysical opinions. In these days one hears men forever talking—and from the most opposite camps—of the enfeeblement of religious beliefs. How careful, in such a matter, one should be to avoid misunderstanding! Religious beliefs transform themselves; they lose their symbolical envelope, which is a mere encumbrance, and have no further need of the support of superstition. But the philosopher's soul is unaffected by these necessary evolutions. The true, the beautiful, the good, are in themselves sufficiently attractive to need no authority which shall ordain, nor reward which shall sanction them. Love, especially, will forever maintain its sacred character. Modern paradoxes inspire me with no more anxiety as to the persistence of the cult of the ideal than as to the perpetuation of the race. The danger would begin only on that day when women ceased to be fair, flowers to open voluptuously, birds to sing. In our temperate climes, and among our pleasure-loving peoples, this danger, thank God, seems still sufficiently remote.

The ancient maxim, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," has never lacked, and will never lack, its eager advocates; but this is perhaps the first time that it has been preached as virtually *identical* with that very religion to which *le fougueux apôtre*, as M. Renan gently terms St. Paul, imagined it to be directly *opposed*. The best pendant to the optimistic hymn above quoted may be found in a passage from M. Bourget, a critic of no starched austerity nor bigoted temper, but whose imagination pictures the mind of our successors when the flowers, the birds, the women, delight no more; when the thorns, to speak with Biblical plainness, have ceased to crackle under the pot.

Science [he says] has rendered it impossible to repose faith in any supernatural revelation, while at the same time she proclaims herself unable to unriddle the problems of which revelation offered a solution. There are some who have thought to find the remedy for this new and singular crisis by imagining the human race in the future as delivered from all thought of the beyond, and indifferent to what we call the Absolute. But this is a gratuitous hypothesis, and seems little in harmony with the general march of thought. We have a better right, on the other hand, to predict that civilization as it advances will subtilize ever further our nervous sensibility—will develop the weary sadness of hearts which no known pleasure satisfies, and whose unquenchable ardor yearns to slake itself at some inexhaustible spring. It is probable that in the final bankruptcy of hope to which science is leading us, many of these souls will sink into a

despair such as Pascal would have sunk into had he lost his faith. The gulf whence we issue painfully, and which with pain we re-enter, will open itself before them, forever black and void. There will be revolts of spirit, rebellions more typical than any age has known. Life will be unbearable with the knowledge that there is no more hope to understand it, and that the same sign of fruitless question hangs forever over the horizon of man. It will not be strange if in those days a sect of nihilists should arise, possessed with a frenzy of destruction such as those alone can comprehend who have felt within themselves the tightening clutch of spiritual death. To know that one cannot know—to be assured that no assurance is possible—ah, cruel anguish! which, spreading like a plague through the millions of men, will summon them as it were to an anti-crusade—a war against the spirit. Then in that day, and if the nightmare which I am evoking becomes fact indeed, other souls, gentler and more inclined to a happy interpretation of man's fate, will oppose to this rebellious pessimism an optimism of melancholy peace. If the problem of the universe is insoluble, an answer may be conjectured which harmonizes with our moral deeds, our emotional cravings. The hypothesis of hope has its chance of being true no less than the hypothesis of despair. In M. Renan we have a finished exemplar of the religious sentiments which would unite the uncertain believers of that cruel age; and who shall venture to assert that the impulse of formless faith which sums up the disenchanted optimism of this historian of our dying religion does not express the essence of all of worship that shall remain immortal in this splendid and miserable temple which is the heart of man?

II. Let us pass on to the second class of illusions from which France seems finally to have awakened. Under the title of the "political illusion" we may include two divergent yet not wholly desperate emotions—the enthusiasm of loyalty and the enthusiasm of equality. Each of these enthusiasms has done in old times great things for France; each in turn has seemed to offer a self-evident, nay a divine organization of the perplexed affairs of men. But each in turn has lost its efficacy. There is now scarcely a name but General Boulanger's in France which will raise a cheer; scarcely even a Socialistic Utopia for which a man would care to die. The younger nations, accustomed to look to France for inspiration, feel the dryness of that ancient source. "Ils ne croient à rien," said a Russian of the Nihilists, "mais ils ont besoin du martyre." The Nihilists, indeed, are like the lemmings, which swim out to sea in obedience to an instinct that bids them seek a continent

long since sunk beneath the waves. Gentle anarchists, pious atheists, they follow the blind instinct of self-devotion which makes the force of a naïve, an unworldly people. But there is now no intelligible object of devotion left for them to seek ; and they go to the mines and to the gibbet without grasping a single principle or formulating a single hope. These are the pupils of modern France ; and in France herself the Nihilistic disillusionment works itself out unhindered by the old impulse to die for an idea. The French have died for too many ideas already ; and just as they have ceased to idealize man's relationship to God, so have they ceased at last to idealize his relationship to his fellow-men.

III. But the process of disillusionment can be traced deeper still. Closer to us, in one sense, than our relation to the universe as a whole, more intimate than our relation to our fellow-citizens, is the mutual relation between the sexes. An emotion such as love, at once vague, complex, and absorbing, is eminently open to fresh interpretation as the result of modern analysis. And on comparing what may be called the enchanted and disenchanted estimates of this passion—the view of Plato, for instance, and the view of Schopenhauer—we find that the discordance goes to the very root of the conception ; that what in Plato's view is the accident is in Schopenhauer's the essential ; that what Plato esteemed as the very aim and essence is for Schopenhauer a delusive figment, a witchery cast over man's young inexperience, from which adult reason should shake itself wholly free. For Plato the act of idealization which constitutes love is closely akin to the act of idealization which constitutes worship. The sudden passion which carries the lover beyond all thought of self is the result of a memory and a yearning which the beloved one's presence stirs within him—a memory of antenatal visions, a yearning towards the home of the soul. The true end of love is mutual ennoblement ; its fruition lies in the unseen. Or if we look to its earthly issue, it is not children only who are born from such unions as these, but from that fusion of earnest spirits great thoughts, just laws, noble institutions spring, "a fairer progeny than any child of man."

Not one of the speculations of antiquity outdid in lofty originality this theme of Plato's. And, however deeply the changing conditions of civilization might modify the outward forms or setting of

love, this far-reaching conception has been immanent in the poet's mind, and has made of love an integral element in the spiritual scheme of things. "Love was given," says Wordsworth in a poem which strangely harmonizes the antique and the modern ideal —

Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end ;
For this the passion to excess was driven —
That self might be annulled : her bondage
prove

The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.

And even when the passion has not been thus directly linked with ethical aims it has been credited with a heaven-sent, a mysterious charm ; like the beauty and scent of flowers, it has been regarded as a joy given to us for the mere end of joy.

In recent years, however, a wholly different aspect of the passion of love has been raised into prominence. This new theory—for it is hardly less—is something much deeper than the mere satirical depreciation, the mere ascetic horror, of the female sex. It recognizes the mystery, the illusion, the potency of love, but it urges that this dominating illusion is no heaven-descended charm of life, but the result of terrene evolution, and that, so far from being salutary to the individual, it is expressly designed to entrap him into subserving the ends of the *race*, even when death to himself (or herself) is the immediate consequence. It was in England that the facts in natural history which point to this conclusion were first set forth ; it was in Germany that a philosophical theory was founded (even before most of those facts were known) upon these blind efforts of the race, working through the passions of the individual, yet often to his ruin ; but it is in France that we witness the actual entry of this theory into the affairs of life—the gradual dissipation of the "sexual illusion" which nature has so long been weaving with unconscious magic around the senses and the imagination of man.

In the first place, then, human attractiveness has suffered something of the same loss of romance which has fallen upon the scent and color of flowers, since we have realized that these have been developed as an attraction to moths and other insects, whose visits to the flower are necessary to secure effective fertilization. Our own attractiveness in each other's eyes seems no longer to point to some divine reminiscence ; rather it is a character which natural and sexual selection must needs have developed if our

race was to persist at all; and it is paralleled by elaborate and often grotesque æsthetic allurements throughout the range of organized creatures of separate sex.

Once more. The great Roman poet of "wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd," insisted long ago on the divergence, throughout animated nature, of the promptings of amorous passion and of self-preservation. Passing beyond the facile optimism of pastoral singers, he showed the peace, the strength, the life of the animal creation at the mercy of an instinct which they can neither comprehend nor disobey. *In furiis ignemque ruunt.* Advancing science has both confirmed and explained this profound observation. She has discovered instances where the instinct in question conducts not merely to a remote and contingent but to an immediate and inevitable death; and where yet it works itself out with unfailing punctuality. And she has demonstrated that in the race of races the individual must not pause for breath; his happiness, his length of days, must be subordinated to the supreme purpose of leaving a progeny which can successfully prolong the endless struggle. And here the bitter philosophy of Schopenhauer steps in, and shows that as man rises from the savage state the form of the illusive witchery changes, but the witchery is still the same. Nature is still prompting us to subserve the advantage of the race—an advantage which is not our own—though she uses now such delicate baits as artistic admiration, spiritual sympathy, the union of kindred souls. Behind and beneath all these is still her old unconscious striving; but she can scarcely any longer outwit us; we now desire neither the pangs of passion, nor the restraints of marriage, nor the burden of offspring; while for the race we need care nothing, or may deem it best and most merciful that the race itself should lapse and pass away.

The insensible advance of this sexual disenchantment will show itself first and most obviously in the imaginative literature of a nation. And the transition from romanticism to so-called naturalism in fiction which is the conspicuous fact of the day in France is ill understood if it is taken to be a mere change in literary fashion, a mere reaction against sentimental and stylistic extravagance. The naturalists claim, and the claim is just, that they seek at least a closer analogy with the methods of science herself; that they rest, not on fantastic fancies, but on the

documents humains which are furnished by the actual life of every day. But, on the other hand, the very fact that this is all which they desire to do is enough to prove that even this will scarcely be worth the doing. The fact that they thus shrink from idealizing bespeaks an epoch barren in ideal. Schopenhauer boasted that he had destroyed *die Dame*, the chivalrous conception of woman as a superior being; and such novels as those of Flaubert, Zola, Maupassant, Huysmans, exhibit the world with this illusion gone. If, moreover, the relations between men and women are not kept, in a sense, *above* the relations between men and men, they will rapidly fall *below* them. We are led into a world of joyless vice from the sheer decay of the conception of virtue.

Mr. Henry James's analysis of M. de Maupassant's works will be fresh in many recollections. And I may add some corroborative words, not from Scherer or Brunetière or any critic who stands upon the ancient ways, and whose disapproval may be discounted beforehand, but from the friendly pen of M. Lemaître, whose description is not meant to carry moral reprobation along with it.

M. de Maupassant, too, is affected with that newest malady of authors—namely, pessimism, and the strange desire to represent the world as ugly and brutal, governed by blind instincts . . . and at the same time to exhibit with an amount of detail never previously equalled this world which is neither interesting in itself nor as a subject of art; so that the pleasure which the writer and the reader who comprehends him enjoy is derived only from irony, pride, egoistic gratification. There is here no thought of what was once termed the ideal, no preoccupation with morality, no sympathy with mankind, but at most a contemptuous pity of the absurd and wretched race of men. On the other hand, we find a scientific skill in playing with the world as an object of sense, apt for our delectation; the interest which is refused to things in themselves is bestowed wholly on the art of rendering them in a form as plastic as possible. On the whole, the attitude is that of some misanthropic, scornful, and lascivious god.*

Yet neither this criticism nor Mr. Henry James's exhibits fully, as it seems to me, the essential weakness and emptiness of M. de Maupassant and others of the same school. Their vigor is the mere expression of their own youth and health, cleverness and prosperity; there is no indication of any reserve of moral strength, of any stoical courage, any assured philosophy

* *Les Contemporains*, p. 301.

which would render them in a true sense superiors of the objects of their contemptuous dissection. A few lines from M. Bourget, describing the disciples of Flaubert, will illustrate my meaning here.

They exhibit the human animal as dominated by his environment, and almost incapable of an individual reaction against surrounding things. Hence springs that despairing fatalism which is the philosophy of all the existing school of novelists. Hence the renunciation, ever more marked, of larger hopes, of generous ardors, of whatsoever among our intimate energies can be called faith in an ideal. And since our age is smitten with a malady of the will, the psychology of our fashionable literature adjusts itself to the gradual weakening of the inward spring. Slowly, in many a mind which the romances of our day have shaped, the conviction is formed that effort is useless, that the force of external causes cannot be withstood.*

IV. And thus we are brought, by a natural transition, to the fourth and last illusion from which French thought is shaking itself free—the illusion which pervades man more profoundly than any other—the dream of his own free-will, and of his psychical unity. It is in the analysis of this “personal illusion” that much of the acutest French work has lately been done; it is here that ordinary French opinion is perhaps furthest removed from the English type; and it is here, moreover, as I shall presently indicate, it is on this field of experimental psychology that the decisive battles of the next century seem likely to be fought. In this paper, however, I must keep clear of detail, and must touch only on the general effect of the mass of teaching of which Taine and Ribot on the psychological side, Charcot and Richet on the physiological side, may serve as representatives. These names might be supplemented by many more; and indeed it is in this direction of physiological psychology, in the widest sense, that the strongest stream of French intellect seems to me to be at present flowing.

As regards the freedom of the will, indeed, it might have been supposed that the controversy had now been waged too long to admit of much accession of novel argument. Nor, of course, can any theory which we hold as to human free-will reasonably influence our actions one way or the other. Yet we know that as a matter of actual observation Mahomedan fatalism does influence conduct, and the

determinism which is becoming definitely the creed of France may similarly be traced throughout their modern pictures of life and character as a paralyzing influence in moments of decisive choice, of moral crisis. The following passage—the only one for which I can here find space—will show the unhesitating way in which the French mind presses home conclusions which, though based in a large measure on English doctrines, are seldom so trenchantly formulated at home:—

Is personality [inquires M. Ribot], is character independent of heredity? The problem is important, since it involves the question whether the power of heredity has any assignable limit. It is plain that there are only two possible hypotheses: we may either admit that at each birth a special act of creation infuses into each being the germ of character and personality, or we may admit that this germ is the product of earlier generations, and is inevitably deduced from the character of the parents and the circumstances under which the new life is originated. The first of these hypotheses is so far from scientific that it is not worth discussing. We are left to the second view. And here we find ourselves brought abruptly back to the very heart of our subject. We thought that we were escaping from heredity, and now we find it in the very form which forms the most intimate and personal element of our being. After having shown by a long enumeration of facts that the sensitive and intellectual faculties are transmitted, that one may inherit a given instinct, a given passion, a given type of imagination, just as easily as a tendency to consumption, to rickets, to longevity, we hoped at least that a part of the psychic life lay outside determinism, that the character, the person, the self, escaped the law of heredity; but no, heredity, which is equivalent to determinism, envelops us on every side, without and within.*

We have now traced the spread in France of what I have termed disenchantment over the main departments of moral and intellectual life. It might remain to ask whether any definite test exists, reducible to numbers, by which we can measure the effect on national prosperity of this less firm and eager grasp on existence. This might be attempted in many ways, though considering the subtlety of the motives at work we cannot expect more than an inferential, an approximate result. Setting aside in this paper the subject of relative frequency of *suicide* (where the comparison between one nation and another is much complicated by differences in the material welfare of the lower classes), I will briefly consider in

* *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*, 1st series, p. 166.

* *L'Hérité Psychologique*, 2nd edit., p. 323.

what way this disenchanted temper affects the central problem of the French publicist — the practical cessation of the growth of population. "A vrai dire, c'est le péril national tout entier," says Professor Richet of this check in numbers; "il n'en existe pas d'autre."

To us in England, of course, the opposite view is more familiar. We feel the perils, not of defect of population, but of excess; and so far as our own comfort is concerned we should be glad indeed if our numbers were as stationary as in France. And if all European nations agreed to limit population — just as if all nations agreed to disarm — an epoch of marked material prosperity would no doubt ensue. At present, however, there seems no chance whatever of this, and we are engaged in a general scramble to overstock our own countries, and thence to overspread the earth. The nation which falls out of this scramble may gain in comfort for the time, but it will lose its status; its specific type will become relatively unimportant; its thought and literature will lose their power with mankind. Great and powerful though France is now, such countries as Holland and Belgium are not without their warning for her in the near future. In fifty years, if the present rates of increase are maintained, she will rank sixth only among European nations. In one hundred and fifty years she will have sunk almost beneath consideration in a world of Russians and Germans, Anglo-Saxons and Chinese.* Without reproducing the elaborate computations by which the relative decline of France has been exhibited by statisticians, it is enough to say that in the present acute phase of national competition France cannot afford to forego the motive power of the *ver sacrum* — of yearly swarms of young men pressing forward to develop their country either by colonization without her borders, or by novel and eager enterprise within. At the same time it is of course desirable that multiplication should be combined with *providence* — that the increase of numbers should not proceed from the lowest and most reckless classes alone.

Now in comparing the natality or rate of increase of different provinces in France, it seems that the increase is rapid in two main quarters — first (as with ourselves) among the degraded inhabitants of the poorer quarters of great cities, and secondly in those provinces where Catholicism is still a dominant power. Between Catholic Brittany and freethinking Normandy the contrast is striking; and the more so inasmuch as the difference of *race* between these provinces seems all in favor of the Norman population, whose young mothers, indeed, are in special request for the benefit of infants other than their own. Yet the annual births in Brittany are thirty-three for each thousand of population; in Normandy only nineteen.

Now in the educated classes, where rapidity of increase is still more important, the impulses in either direction, though less crudely defined, are not therefore less potent. On the one side there are the wish for new objects of affection and the satisfaction with the lot upon which the children will enter; on the other side, besides the obvious economical reasons, there are the decline in the value set upon existence and the doubt whether it is well to summon new beings as sensitive as ourselves into a world which to each fresh generation seems to loom more awful in the obscurity of its meaning and of its end.

A few quotations may show that this is no imaginary picture; and my first instance shall be taken from the loftiest, the sincerest of living French poets — the author whose name comes first to the lips of a Frenchman, challenged to prove that the tradition of "high thinking" is not yet extinct. In his poem "*Le Vœu*" M. Sully-Prudhomme draws the following practical lesson from a contemplation of the misery of man: —

Du plus aveugle instinct Je me veux rendre maître,
Hélas! non par vertu, mais par compassion.
Dans l'invisible essaim des condamnés à naître,
Je fais grâce à celui dont je sens l'aiguillon.

Demeure dans l'empire innommé du possible,
O fils le plus aimé qui ne naîtras jamais!
Mieux sauvé que les morts et plus inaccessible,
Tu ne sortiras pas de l'ombre où je dormais!

These words do not fall from a mere fantastic artist; they come from a philosopher and moralist, a man of strong human sympathies, one who by no means despairs altogether of the future of mankind. I pass on to the passionate cry of an avowed,

* See Professor Charles Richet's articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, April 15 and June 1, 1882; and M. E. Chevallon's paper in *La Réforme Sociale*, July 1, 1883. M. Guyau in his "*L'Irréligion de l'Avenir*" (p. 274, etc.) draws out the connection between this decline in population and the decay of religious belief. As between Brittany and Normandy, for instance, the difference is not due to Norman prudence alone; for the Breton is also prudent, but in a different way; he postpones marriage till (at an average age of 34 for men, 29 for women) property sufficient for a good-sized family has been amassed.

but not a morbid, pessimist. I must not here stop to discuss Madame Ackermann, one of the most significant figures in contemporary literature; but it should be understood that her sadness is in no way a personal matter, but represents the impression irresistibly wrought upon her by the mere "riddle of the painful earth." I quote the lines which close her poem on "Pascal" with the wild conception of some such insult offered to man's distant and cruel Lord as might move him to shiver into fragments this planet which is our scene of pain.

Notre audace du moins vous sauverait de naître,
Vous qui dormez encore au fond de l'avenir,
Et nous triompherions d'avoir, en cessant d'être,
Avec l'Humanité forcé Dieu d'en finir.
Ah! quelle immense joie après tant de souffrance!
A travers les débris, par-dessus les charniers,
Pouvoir enfin jeter ce cri de délivrance:
Plus d'hommes sous le ciel, nous sommes les derniers!

I will call one more witness; this time a less serious but still a noteworthy personage; a novelist who by a certain mixture of Flemish realism and Parisian perversity has become the most advanced (I do not say the ablest) representative both of the decadent and of the naturalistic school.

M. J. K. Huysmans, speaking through the mouth of his decrepit hero, Des Esseintes, strenuously deprecates the cruelty of adding fresh sufferers to the condemned list of miserable men; nay, he carries his propagandist (or anti-propagandist) zeal so far as to recommend the legalization of infanticide, and to denounce the child-saving labors of St. Vincent de Paul.

Thanks to his odious precautions, this man had deferred for years the death of creatures without intelligence or sensation, so that becoming later on almost rational, and at any rate capable of pain, they might foresee the future; might await and dread that Death of which, when he found them, they knew not the very name; might perhaps even invoke that Death upon themselves, in anger at the condemnation to existence which he inflicted on them in obedience to a ridiculous code of theology.

We have here, I think, indications, as clear as in so complex a matter could be reasonably expected, that this "disenchantment of France," this general collapse of hopes and ideals, does enter as a moral factor into the causes which are now arresting the advance of French population. If, therefore, population is to

receive a fresh impulse, it would seem desirable either that some fresh value should be found for life, or that the race should accustom itself more thoroughly to the narrowed ideal. And this view is supported, so to say, from the opposite quarter by the growing influence throughout French politics, business, society, of a race whose distinguishing peculiarity lies in the fact that they have already traversed their great disappointment; that they have learnt at last to silence the heart's infinite appeal; that they walk among us, but not of us, grimly smiling when our voices repeat, in new tones of yearning, those very phrases from Hebrew psalmist or prophet which the chosen people themselves have found to fail. For — with the exceptions which sheer atavism must needs produce in the race of a David and a Paul — the modern Jew has crystallized his religion into a mere bond of race; it steadies rather than disturbs his worldly endeavor, and he stands before us in complete adaptation to changed spiritual conditions, the type of what we all may some day become, if our inward Jerusalem also is destroyed, and the Holy City of our dreams laid level with the dust of the earth. The Jews at one end of the scale, the Chinese at the other — these are the races that have already fitted themselves for a universe without hope. Who shall say that they shall not therefore gradually subdue us? as after some age-long heaping of sand-banks along a solitary coast the creatures which can first endure the life of land-locked pools will displace those through whose structure runs an indomitable yearning for the tides and vastness of the sea.

The prospect at which we have arrived is a gloomy one — so gloomy that we instinctively shrink from accepting it as inevitable. There must surely, we feel, be some outlet, some direction in which we may find the dawn of a new hope for France. The classification which we have thus far followed will aid us in an inquiry as to the possible reformation, on a more stable basis, of any of those hopes and beliefs whose evanescence seems to threaten a national decline.

(1) First and most important is the question of religion. And here there are three main channels in which we could imagine a religious revival, in the broadest sense, as tending to flow. We might have a revival in the Christian direction, or in the mystical, or in the stoic. Any one of these convictions, if sufficiently widespread, might regenerate a nation. But each in turn must be regarded as an *emo-*

tional impulse, as a *subjective* view; each appeals to minds predisposed to receive it, but fails to convince the egoist or the pessimist by irrefragable logic or indubitable historical proof. As regards Christianity: in the first place, it is scarcely possible that the historical proof can at this late day be materially strengthened. That proof, we may fairly suppose, will continue to seem adequate to many minds which nature or grace has cast in the Christian mould. But as to the Christianity without miracles—the theism with a Christian coloring, which in England is sometimes suggested as a substitute for the orthodox creeds—for this growth there seems in France no soil prepared, no temper from which this religion of compromise could spring. The same is the case with mysticism, and with the *a priori* or affirmative schools of metaphysic. Names which command respect might be cited in either group, but none have a real hold on the national intelligence. With perhaps greater plausibility the neo-stoics—if we may so term the agnostics who still cling to duty and feel their last enthusiasm in resignation to universal law—might claim for their creed the prospect of ultimate triumph. Assuredly men like these are essential in every country, if any high morality is to be upheld in this ebb of fixed beliefs. Yet an act of faith, for which the French mind in general is ill-prepared, is still necessary if we are to accept the cosmos even on stoic terms. For there is a possibility that even here we may be duped once more; that we may find *vacuas sedes et inanis tempa* in the sanctuary of duty herself; that in the veritable and intimate scheme of the universe there may be no such conception as virtue.

I will not, however, press into my argument any of the darker currents of French thought—the cynicism or the pessimism of a Flaubert, an Ackermann, a Baudelaire. I will rather sum up the situation in one of the last utterances of a noble mind, “the conclusion of the whole matter” as it seemed at last to Emile Littré—once the most enthusiastic of all those who embraced the too sanguine synthesis which still draws back some wistful glances to the memory of a worship of humanity which has brought little strength to man. The words which I shall quote are simple and personal; but they may stand as the expression of more than an individual fate.

Voltaire in old age writes in one of his letters that at the sight of a starry night he was

wont to say to himself that he was about to lose that spectacle; that through all eternity he should never see it more. Like him, I love to contemplate—with the reflection that it is perhaps for the last time—the starlit night, the greenness of my garden, the immensity of the sea. I go yearly to the sea-side; I went thither this year. My room opened upon the beach, and when the tide was high the waves were but a few paces from where I sat. How often did I sink into contemplation, imagining to myself those Trojan women who *ponum adspectabant flentes!* I did not weep; but I felt that these solemn spondees best harmonized with the grandeur of that sight, and with the vagueness of my own meditations.*

Pontum adspectabant flentes! Fit epigraph for a race who have fallen from hope, on whose ears the waves' world-old message still murmurs without a meaning; while the familiar landmarks fade backwards into shadow, and there is nothing but the sea.

(2) As regards the revival of what I have called the political illusion, the enthusiasm either of loyal subordination or of co-operative equality, there is no need for much discussion here. Changes of some kind impend; but the peculiarity of the situation is that from no change is any real or definite good expected by reasonable men. And of course, on the view taken in this essay, little advantage can be hoped for a mere *rearrangement* of existing material—the material in this case being represented by the beliefs and aspirations of the best minds of France. There must be, not rearrangement only, but *renewal*—a fresh influx of hope, conviction, felicity, if outward institutions are to reflect anything save the inward uncertainty or despair.

(3) And still more markedly is this the case as regards that ideal relation between the sexes which, as I have already intimated, seem to be in danger of fading in France into something less permanent and pure. Our estimate of the value of human affections must depend largely on our estimate of the value of human personality itself. Now it is of course true that the stoic may rank human dignity high, though he looks for no individual survival; his loves may even take an added solemnity from the nearness of their final hour. But from man's transitory state we find French dramatists and romancers drawing, not *this*, but the opposite, the more obvious inference; and amid all the brevity and instability of human life there is nothing

* *Conservation, Révolution, Positivisme, Remarques*, p. 430.

that seems to him more brief or more unstable than the passion in which that life culminates with strongest charm. There is something melancholy, and the more melancholy for its very unconsciousness, in the way in which *quelques années* come to be assumed as the natural limit of any intimate infusion of souls. A few years! and the lovers who enter thereupon are resigned already to an ultimate solitude, and count beforehand the golden moments which are all that they can steal from fate.

(4) It seems, then, that in our search for some prospect of a renewal of spiritual energy in France we are driven back on our fourth heading, on what I have termed the personal illusion; or, in other terms, the belief in the unity and persistence of the personality of man. For in no other direction can we foresee any great change to be effected either by subjective emotion or by scientific discovery. Speculations on the moral government of the universe lie too far beyond the range of proof; and on the other hand the problems of social progress and the elevation of the sexual tie depend in the last resort on what is held to be the profounder truth as to man's inward being, and his place in the scheme of things.

But have we any instrument of self-investigation such as this inquiry needs? Shall we not here also be reduced to mere vagueness, to mere emotional appeals, or to those metaphysical arguments which are little more than disguised or regulated emotion? Is our psychology more than a mere descriptive system? Can the "introspective method" afford anything beyond an empirical knowledge of the processes of thought as they appear to the thinker? Or if we turn to psychophysiology, with its new promise of exact experiment, what do we get beyond such determinations of the rapidities and connections of nervous processes as merely prolong into the brain itself the analysis already applied to the operation of the organs of sense? Can either of these methods get down into the region where the answers to our real problems might perhaps be found?

No doubt the lessons of introspection are limited; the lessons of objective experiment are as yet rudimentary. Yet in France at this moment psychology is in a more rapidly progressive, a more revolutionary condition than any other science whatever. It has so happened that to a new group of theoretical conceptions—namely, to the evolution doctrine, as

applied to mankind by Darwin, and the psychical analysis of Spencer and Taine—has been superadded a still newer group of psycho-physiological observations and experiments: the observations, namely, on hysteria and the experiments in hypnotism of which Dr. Charcot's wards at the Salpêtrière form the most celebrated centre. We have here in psychology some kind of approach to a prediction of small perturbations; to something deeper than the old-fashioned manual's sharp partition of the sane mind and the insane; the sane mind treated like some orrery unwinding itself with diagrammatic regularity; the insane mind relegated to an inscrutable chaos. Readers of Dr. Hughlings-Jackson's "Croonian Lectures on the Evolution and Dissolution of the Nervous System" and similar tractates are of course prepared for novel methods of analysis, for the discovery of unsuspected lines of cleavage amid the strata of mental operation. But to the ordinary English reader such a book, for instance, as Binet and Féré's "Handbook of Hypnotism" (mislabeled animal magnetism) in the "International Scientific Series" will come with a string of surprises which will almost suggest a mystification. Yet Dr. Féré is one of the most distinguished of rising French physiologists; M. Binet is a psychologist of repute; and the book is a quasi-official *résumé* of the doctrines of the Salpêtrière school. And if we take a somewhat wider view, I believe that many Frenchmen will concur with me in accounting the *Revue Philosophique*, with the Société de Psychologie Physiologique (including M. Taine, Charcot, Ribot, Richet, Janet, Sully-Prudhomme, etc.), as perhaps the most vital, the most distinctive nucleus of modern French thought.*

Yet even if this be so, and the strongest tide of French speculation is now running in the channel of experimental psychology, can we expect that these specialized researches can deeply influence men's general conception of human fate? It is at least not easy to say in what other way that general view is to be affected. It will hardly be permanently altered by emotion, by rhetoric; if modified at all, it must be modified by scientific discovery.

* As I write these lines I observe in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for April 1 an article of Professor Paul Janet explaining a very unusual step which has been taken by the authorities of the Collège de France, "the transformation of the old traditional chair of natural and international law into a chair of experimental and comparative psychology." Of the new chair M. Ribot, the editor of the *Revue Philosophique*, is the first occupant. See also Professor Janet's remarks (p. 549) on the Société de Psychologie Physiologique.

And if by scientific discovery, then why not by discovery in that which, if a science at all, is the highest of sciences? In default of other revelations, *de cælo descendit yuθη οεαντόν.*

In thus judging, we do but return to the doctrine of Socrates and Plato. In their eyes man's knowledge of himself was the all-important, the light-bringing truth. The central question in Plato's philosophy — it must needs be a central question in all philosophies — was whether there exists in man a principle independent of the material universe. Plato supports his affirmative view partly by metaphysical arguments which, like most metaphysical arguments, have now passed out of date. But he supports it also by an argument based on actual, though insufficient, observation and experiment — namely, by the argument that our apparently intuitive recognition of geometrical truths and the like proves that we must have been already familiar with those truths in some previous existence. This special chain of reasoning seems now no longer valid. We explain "reminiscence" by heredity, or by the unconscious generalizations of the child. But Plato's method of attacking the great problem on a side where actual observation was possible — this was surely eminently reasonable, eminently sound; and methods similar, but of greater potency, lie ready to our hand to-day.

Of course, however, any discoveries which can be thus reached by definite inquiry are likely to be of modest dimensions as compared to the large utterance of priest or prophet. They may be significant; they will scarcely be overwhelming. Personally, indeed, for reasons which I shall not here repeat, but with which some readers of this review may be already acquainted, I am disposed to think that such discoveries are likely to prove highly favorable to human hopes. I do not attribute this view to the psycho-physiological school of France. Yet no one who watches the vigor and rapidity of the intellectual movement in which they are concerned can doubt that we are on the verge of some considerable readjustment of our conceptions of the intimate nature of man. And at the same time it becomes every year more and more difficult to conceive of a spiritual regeneration of France which shall start from an emotional, as opposed to a scientific, basis. Her educated classes, at least, seem equally insusceptible to old and to new forms of religious contagion. Catholicism seems to be slowly dying, but the "religion of

humanity" was stillborn. And the moral fervor, the enthusiastic resignation, of a Clifford or a George Eliot amongst ourselves is replaced in a Taine or a Ribot by a tone of pure neutrality, as of men conscientiously analyzing a cosmos for which they are in no way responsible.

Let us hope that in this very neutrality there may be a certain element of advantage. Just as a Goncourt or a Maupassant may see certain facts of life the more lucidly on account of his detachment from moral interests, from moral dignity, so may the psycho-physiologists of France be aided in discovering some of the deeper elements in man's nature by dint of their very indifference to everything save the discovery itself.

In expressing these hopes, no doubt, we seem to be assuming that religion is essentially an affair of *knowledge* — the knowledge of those vital facts on which our general conception of the universe must necessarily repose. And this seems at variance with the view that religion is essentially an affair of *faith* — the clinging of the soul to the beliefs and ideals which she feels as spiritually the highest. Yet the two points of view are not radically inconsistent. Rather it may be said that faith in this sense will always be indispensable; but that whereas in all ages a certain nucleus of ascertained fact has been regarded as faith's needful prerequisite, the only difference is that in our own day so much of that ancient nucleus has shrivelled away that some fresh accession is needed before the flower of faith can spring from it and shed fragrance on the unseen. And to this quest of fresh *material for religion* the disengaged temper of the French mind may contribute some added alertness, adaptability, power.

The position of this type of Frenchman may perhaps be formulated as follows. "In the first place," he would say, "I cannot respond to stimuli addressed to my emotions alone. I have had too many of such stimuli; and after the break-down of Catholicism, with its ancient appeal and its majestic promises, I have no appetite for the vague theism, the austere stoicism, which are all that you can now offer me. I see little reason to suppose that we survive death, or that life has a moral meaning; and I cannot feel much enthusiasm for a world so incurably incomplete, so fundamentally unjust as our own. Not that I am a fanatical pessimist; I shall simply do my work, enjoy my pleasures, and think as little as may be about any

thing beyond. At the same time I am quite aware that we are still at the beginning of our scientific knowledge of the universe and of man. It is possible that you may discover something which will change my attitude. You will not, I think, discover a God, or prove a moral government of the world. But short of that you may unearth some fact in man's nature which may make his destinies somewhat more hopeful, and a Providence somewhat less improbable than at present. Supposing — to take the extreme limit of what I can conceive you as proving — supposing that you could show me that I should survive death, I should certainly readjust my conceptions from top to bottom. In that case I would produce emotions worthy of the occasion. Meantime I shall keep them till they are really called for, and shall pay no attention save to definite experiment, definite reasoning, addressed to problems which do not lie plainly beyond the scope of human intelligence, even though they may thus far have wholly baffled human inquiry."

Somewhat in this fashion do the great questions present themselves to minds no longer prepossessed in favor of the scheme of things. The group of conceptions which we call the universe — like the group of experiences which we call human life — when viewed, as Wordsworth says, "in disconnection dull and spiritless," cease to impose themselves overwhelmingly on the mind. Their glory seems unable to resist a gaze which analyzes without idealizing; and analysis without idealization is the very impulse and outcome of disenchanted France.

I have now, though in a very brief and imperfect way, accomplished the task which seemed to me to have some promise of instruction. I have tried to decompose into its constituent elements the vague but general sense of *malaise* or decadence which permeates so much of modern French literature and life. And after referring this disenchantment to the loss of certain beliefs and habits of thought which the majority of educated Frenchmen have come with more or less distinctness to class as *illusions*, I have endeavored — it will be thought with poor success — to suggest some possibility of the reconstitution of these illusions on a basis which can permanently resist scientific attack. In *experimental psychology* I have suggested, so to say, a nostrum, but without propounding it as a panacea; and I cannot avoid the conclusion that we are bound to be prepared for the worst. Yet

by "the worst" I do not mean any catastrophe of despair, any cosmic suicide, any world-wide unchaining of the brute that lies pent in man. I mean merely the peaceful, progressive, orderly triumph of *l'homme sensuel moyen*; the gradual adaptation of hopes and occupations to a purely terrestrial standard; the calculated pleasures of the cynic who is resolved to be a dupe no more.

Such is the prospect from our tower of augury — the warning note from France, whose inward crises have so often prefigured the fates through which western Europe was to pass ere long. Many times, indeed, have declining nations risen anew, when some fresh knowledge, some untried adventure, has added meaning and zest to life. Let those men speak to us, if any there be, who can strengthen our hearts with some prevision happier than mine. For if this vanward and eager people is never to be "begotten again unto a lively hope" by some energy still unfelt and unsuspected, then assuredly France will not suffer alone from her atrophy of higher life. No; in that case like causes elsewhere must produce like effects; and there are other great nations whose decline will not be long delayed.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

From Murray's Magazine.
A LADY'S WINTER HOLIDAY IN IRELAND.
BY ISABELLA L. BIRD.

PART II.

On arriving at Waterford Station, on Christmas eve, my host's butler who met me told me the "buses," etc., were "took off for the holidays," an amusing contrariety. Consequently I arrived at the bishop's palace in the parcel-post van, a red box on two wheels, with such a backward tilt that when it backed up to the palace door, and was opened, I was shot out much in the fashion of a sack of coal. In this beautifully situated historic town, of ancient smells and dirty streets, and unbroken records for a thousand years, the things which chiefly interested me were the streets of thatched, two-roomed, one-storied workmen's houses, with gardens, and the great number and imposing appearance of the Roman Catholic institutions, new as well as old, ninety-five per cent. of the population of the town and county of Waterford being Catholics. Odors of pigs predominate, and the pig, cattle, and poultry trade with England is

enormous. Waterford is full of endowed charities, some of them, as the General, still called the Leper Hospital, dating from the twelfth century. Among these Bishop Foye's School, which until lately afforded an admirable commercial training and education to forty Protestant boys, has been severely crippled by occurrences arising out of "the state of things," the Plan of Campaign having won a victory for an abatement of rent, which has been the chief cause of a reduction in the number of boys from forty to twelve.

The women of Waterford are comely, and it is only among the girls that costume is giving place to the tawdry hats and bonnets, badly fitting tight jackets, unsightly humps, and high-heeled boots which vulgarize and deform our own lower-class young women. The out-of-doors costume of the older women consists of a long black-cloth cloak of extravagant fulness, the copiousness of which is set in close pleats into a round yoke. A wide, long, deep hood, also of ample proportions, attached to the cloak, is worn over the head and folded back. Such a cloak, which costs from two to five guineas, lasts a lifetime.

At Waterford I saw only Protestant Episcopalians and Loyalists, who bore themselves quietly, and expressed themselves on the burning questions with extreme moderation, desiring only to be let alone. I heard nothing new or especially enlightening, except regarding the improved position, growth, and prosperity of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The general opinion (in brief) was that many of the tenants could pay their rents if they would, that many more could not pay, that present rents are generally too high, that much of the discontent is the work of agitators, that the great *desideratum* is quiet, that the priests, as a whole, are rather following than leading the people, and that much loyal feeling exists in the south of Ireland, the expression of which is suppressed for prudential reasons.

On a frosty and sunny morning the country between Waterford and Fermoy looked very attractive, sprinkled as it is somewhat thickly with well-thatched, lime-washed homesteads and outbuildings, larger farms, and gentlemen's houses with wooded demesnes. Live-stock abounded, and in spite of the enormous Christmas exportation, every homestead was surrounded by fowls and turkeys. From Cappoquin to Fermoy, the country along the Blackwater is remarkably pretty, the tillage careful and modern, and the walls,

gates, and fences in good order. Of course the distress arising from the low price of farm produce is felt there as everywhere else; but a gentleman who acts for eight landlords in the district told me that the landlords, who are mostly resident, had "met the times" by abatements of from twenty to twenty-five per cent, and he had encouraged the tenants to get their rents fixed by law. He denied the existence of any serious agrarian troubles in that neighborhood. The tenants had nearly all joined the League, many (he said) giving him to understand that they did so in order to escape the consequences of running counter to the popular feeling.

Fermoy is beautifully situated on the Blackwater, which cuts it in two, the halves being connected by a fine bridge of thirteen arches. The crest of the hill on one side is occupied by barracks for three thousand men, and the steep ridge which rises on the other above the main street is rendered imposing by a long line of modern handsome Roman Catholic ecclesiastical and educational buildings. The long main street is chiefly occupied with shops, amongst which those for the sale of drink hugely preponderate. Mr. O'Brien, M.P., had recently obtained the now notorious "new clothes," and several shops displayed Blarney tweeds with conspicuous placards attached to them, "W. O'Brien. His new suit. Tullamore." In one window there was a long row of "scent sachets," each one with a silk front, bearing alternately portraits of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell.

It was the great winter pig-fair, and the feature of Fermoy was pigs. The long street, the side streets, the river, and the fair-grounds were packed close with small pig-carts, most of them drawn by asses, which were frequently getting up free fights on their own accounts, adding their harsh, discordant notes to the pandemonium of squealing. I counted three hundred and twenty-seven carts in a few minutes. Each was usually accompanied by a man in a long coat much out of repair, a woman with a long black cloak drawn over her head, a girl with a shawl over her head, and a boy or two. As it is the custom to lift the swine by their ears and tails, and as all who bargained shouted at the tops of their voices, the noise was appalling, but mirth and fun were lacking. One monstrous pig, so fat that he sank exhausted after laboring along for a few feet, was an object of great interest. Two gentlemen asked his weight. "Six hun-

dred weight, yer honor." "He wouldn't turn the scale at five," they rather scornfully replied. "Lay yer money on it," shouted the crowd. "Weigh! Weigh!" Bets were freely offered and taken, the excitement intensified, and after much difficulty, and much impeded by the crowd, the pitiable brute squealing and gasping, dragged from before, and pushed from behind, sank on the public weighing-machine. "Lay yer money! lay half a sovereign on him! lay the money on his back!" shouted the crowd to the gentlemen who had presumed to think that the monster would not turn the scale at five hundredweight. This was done, and the pig turned the scale at six hundredweight twenty-five pounds, a result received with yells of delight by both men and women. This incident was all that relieved the monotony of the best-behaved fair I ever saw.

In the evening I went to Mitchelstown on the mail-car, a drive of ten miles, with three men who passed the time in telling stories of clever escapes from the police. On a winter evening, this road, which crosses the Kilworth Hills at an elevation of seven hundred and fifty feet, is dreary enough, and the land looks bare, cold, and sour; but as it dips down into the wide, rolling valley in which Mitchelstown stands, the view is singularly fine. The mercury was below freezing-point, the wind was strong and pitiless, and on the other side of Mitchelstown, the Galtee Mountains, white with new-fallen snow, rose abrupt and ghastly in the twilight into heavy snow-clouds. The large village of between two and three thousand inhabitants is an unprosperous-looking place. On entering it, the first object to attract notice is a jail, the next a police barrack, then a good house with the lower part heavily barricaded, and the upper windows filled up with brushwood, and an inscription in long letters, "Plan of Campaign! No surrender! Evictors, come on!" denoting active hostilities. Let into the pavement on the other side are two stone crosses marking the places where two men fell, mortally wounded in the massacre or riot of 1887. A little further is the large square or place where the fatal meeting was held. A small cross in the gravel marks the spot where Lonerigan was shot dead, the first victim of the panic and bungling of that deplorable day. The long village street is full of small, unprosperous-looking shops, decaying with the general decay of the tenantry and the poverty of the proprietrix, Lady Kings-

town. Sixty-one liquor-shops prey upon the vitals of the town. College Square, with its fine avenue, and its picturesque stone houses where eighteen ladies and twelve gentlemen live in comfort and refinement on a foundation of a late Lord Kingstown, is a pleasant and agreeable feature of the town.

I spent two days at a very comfortable little house in the square, visited Constable Leahy, who was injured for life in the lamentable affair, in company with the Protestant clergyman, and from him, as well as from Father Sexton, heard narratives of the meeting and of that which followed, leaving no doubt on my mind that "somebody blundered," for neither among their accounts, nor among those given me by several persons of lesser note were there any serious discrepancies.

As all are aware, the Plan of Campaign, on the Kingstown estate, after a protracted struggle, gained a victory in March, 1888. All people who endeavored to enlighten me described the state of the neighborhood as one of great difficulty and suspense, with extreme poverty and depression. They said that trade was stagnant, that travellers got few orders, that stock had all been sent out of the country, that agricultural operations were at an end, that the indebtedness of the neighborhood, divided among banks, shops, and local money-lenders, could not be less than £90,000, and that no one had anything left on which to obtain credit. Five hundred and forty tenants had applied to have judicial rents fixed, and at a court held just before my visit a number of cases had been settled, the reductions averaging the all-round reductions which had been demanded by the tenants.

Father Sexton, the C.C. of Mitchelstown, called on me, owing to the indisposition of Dean O'Regan, and also Mr. —, one of the active leaders of the League, who spent five of the best years of his life in penal servitude for complicity with the Fenian movement. Father Sexton, one of the most cultured and candid priests I met with, held aloof from the League till after the passing of the Crimes Act. It was he who administered the last sacraments to the men who fell mortally wounded in the village street. He was "not prepared to say that the *first* shot fired by the police was unjustifiable." My conversation with Mr. — was chiefly on general topics. He put forward a very gloomy view of the situation. He thought that "if better times came, the farmers would have to content themselves with getting nothing

more than food and clothing out of the soil." On my asking what he expected would be the benefits of Home Rule, he replied that "a national government would have it in its power to grant loans at easy rates for the encouragement of home industries and manufactures, and that under a settled *régime* capital would flow into the country instead of out of it." I asked him whether any measure of Home Rule would satisfy the national party which did not yield the control of the customs duties into the hands of an Irish Parliament, and whether the farmers were not regarding the imposition of protective duties as an essential element of Home Rule. He smiled significantly, but made no reply.* Mr. — said that "strangers from England and Scotland were doing a great deal of harm by leading the people to expect a great alteration for the better in their circumstances as the immediate result of self-government, while in his opinion it would be a slow and up-hill process." He said that his business (an auctioneer and valuer) gave him special opportunities of knowing the condition of the neighborhood, which he described to be on the whole one of general bankruptcy with no available assets. He said that "when he was connected with the Fenian movement, and for many years afterwards, he had no hope of justice being attained for Ireland through the ordinary channels, but now he had every hope that it would be secured through the Irish Parliamentary party."

After dark, under his guidance, I crept into the Sullivan's house through a hole in a wall. This has been described as being "the best barricaded house in Ireland." The family has shown great tenacity of purpose in adhering to "the cause," for their business was ruined and for a year gone, and having a large house which they had wrecked by their plan of fortification, they were living in the kitchen, which did not admit any daylight, the doors and lower windows of the house being secured by heavy timbers let into the floors, and the upper windows with brushwood, which, as one present said, would allow of their "throwing down things upon them."

Father Sexton greatly regretted "the distracted state of mind which is insep-

arable from the conflict." There are in the neighborhood, he mentioned, twenty-five hundred members of the League of the Holy Cross, and formerly, he said, the concerts, lectures, and other entertainments given in the fine Temperance Rooms which were equipped by a former priest, were very largely attended, but that now all interest is centred in "the conflict." Although the local branch of the National League is suppressed, meetings are held after mass every Sunday. Mr. Mandeville had just received an ovation on returning from his incarceration in Tullamore prison, and every one regretted that I did not see him. Dear indeed to the Irish heart is the man who has been in jail for a political offence. I have not been in a house except those of Protestants, in which a portrait of W. O'Brien has not occupied the place of honor.

Early on a grey, blae morning I walked from the Youghal Station into the town of Youghal, a picturesquely situated, old, decayed, marine town, from which all that gave it any semblance of prosperity has receded. In the garden of the Elizabethan house, north of the church, Raleigh planted the first potatoes ever planted in Ireland. There are various matters of historical interest, among them Raleigh's house, in which he entertained Spenser, the beautiful Church of St. Mary, not long since restored, and the town walls, round towers, street gateways, and ruined abbeys, which are curiously jumbled up among the narrow streets. Its late history may be summed up in progressive unprosperousness, the imprisonment of Canon Keller for "contempt of court," i.e., declining to give evidence regarding certain circumstances connected with bankruptcy proceedings in the case of a tenant on the Ponsonby estate, which he regarded as having come to his knowledge in his clerical capacity, and a fisher-boy named Hanlon being "run through the back" by a policeman's bayonet in a tumult which arose on the occasion. The spot on which this youth was "martyred" was shown to me. Youghal has of late been made the point of departure for the Ponsonby estate by very many English and Scotch M.P.'s and "Liberal deputations" and "delegations," and I do not purpose to repeat the oft-told story of the conflict. It is enough to say that the tenants, who number between two and three hundred, in November, 1886, demanded certain reductions on their rent, that the landlord offered abatements which were considerably less, that a gentleman who might

* In every case in which I was able to converse freely with the tenant farmers, and the opportunity occurred many times every day, when I asked them what help in their industrial circumstances they expected as an early result of Home Rule, the reply was given promptly, and without circumlocution, to this effect: "It would enable us to put on protective duties on agricultural produce and woollen and linen goods."

have negotiated a compromise was absent, that the landlord is an absentee, that the tenants *en bloc* adopted the Plan of Campaign, that a few were evicted, and their holdings taken over by the Land Corporation, and that evictions on a large scale were regarded as impending at the time of my visit. Two or three of the wealthier tenants whose barricaded houses I visited have been evicted lately, but the war continues and neither side shows symptoms of exhaustion.

Youghal, like many Irish towns, is dominated by a line of handsome Roman Catholic buildings, in one of which I spent an hour with Canon Keller, a priest of imposing appearance and prepossessing manner, a man of mark and culture. Evidently and undoubtedly he loves his flock, and I fully believe that in coming forward as he has lately done in connection with the Plan he has been actuated by a sincere desire for their welfare. He introduced me to Mr. —, who has been one of the leading spirits in carrying out the Plan, and was lame from a fractured leg, got in its service. We spent the next seven hours in driving over the Ponsonby estate, and visiting many of the tenants. The east wind was strong and keen, sudden snow was lying about, the mercury just hovered above the freezing point, and hours of holding on to a most uncomfortable car benumbed both body and spirit. The chill sunless day enhanced the general dismalness, but even in sunshine anything more profoundly melancholy than this large estate, which has been "shorn and swept till it is almost as smooth as a billiard-table," could hardly be seen except in the hopeless slums of a large city.

Much of the higher land is very poor, and obviously much impoverished, hedges were ragged, walls dilapidated, gates dropping to pieces; there were few if any preparations for crops, no manure on the pastures, roofs were tumbling in, miles of grazing-land were to be seen without cattle, farmyards without even a solitary hen, houses without furniture, some of the larger farmhouses with doors and windows taken out and heavily barricaded, everything salable got rid of, so that the landlord might find nothing on which to distract for rent. In a few cases the tenants had planted a few potatoes, in others they had retained a pig or a donkey in the hope of a settlement, but on the whole the state of matters was as I have described it, one of silence and desolation, much as if an invading army had passed that way. On two farms cattle were being grazed by

emergency men under police protection,* but on the whole industry was absolutely suspended. The demeanor of the people corresponded with their surroundings. In going from house to house there was not a smile, nor a kindly, cheery word, only a sullen stagnation, a nearly hopeless clinging to the hope of better things. Bitter complaints, fierce denunciations, and the piteous wail of poverty met us everywhere.

I saw some of the people alone, the better to get at their real views. All spoke bitterly of grievances, rack-rent, falling prices, no allowances of materials for repairs, no consideration on the part of the Ponsonby agent, while Mr. Young and Mr. Gubbins, neighboring proprietors, had "met the times," and live in perfect peace with their tenants. They told me that in the best of recent years they had only been able to pay their rents by remittances from America, or from daughters in service; that they had only "praties" in winter, and stirabout of Indian meal without milk in summer; that they could hardly get clothes to cover them, and had for years past been drifting deeper and deeper into debt with the Youghal tradesmen in the endeavor to pay their rents and keep their holdings. The people of this region, the district inspector of police deposed on oath, had been "an abnormally quiet people;" and quiet and free from crime they remain, though their sullen, despairing air and their intense hatred of the system by which they believe their ruin has been wrought, impressed me most painfully.

I did not see one man there (or anywhere) who did not fully admit the right of the landlord to what he regarded as a fair rent, which in every case in which I put the question was placed at something more than half the present rent. They all said they were willing to buy the land at from twelve to sixteen years' purchase, calculated on judicial rents. Many of the farmers were living in a state of rags and squalor perfectly appalling, every element of wretchedness being present, except disease and impure air. Still, on being asked by my *cicerone* if I had ever seen anything to equal the misery of the dwellings, truth

* Emergency men were always described to me by Nationalists as "cut-throats, jail-birds, scum of the Irish jails, ruffians," etc. On the other hand, Mr. Beattie, of the Cork Defence Union, who is officially perhaps the largest employer of emergency labor in Ireland, assured me in the strongest language possible, that no emergency man employed by him had ever been in jail for any criminal act, though possibly some might have been locked up for drunkenness; that a most searching investigation into character is always made, and that many of the men are highly recommended by the clergy. —I. L. B.

compelled me to say that I had seen it surpassed in a multitude of cases in the west Highlands and islands of Scotland, but among *cottars*, not farmers. I will not "pile up the agony" by descriptions of miserable hovels with old people and young children lying on mud floors among the potatoates, for it is impossible to know what misfortunes and circumstances besides rack-rents have contributed to such a deplorable wretchedness. It must, however, be borne in mind that, barring the sums which may have been paid into the Campaign chest, the poverty has not been aggravated by the payment of rent for a year and a half at least.

I met there with a form of reply to which I afterwards became quite accustomed, and which contains one great grievance. On asking the tenant of Knockmonalea how long he had been on his farm, he replied, "Over two hundred years!"

After a day of painful experiences, aggravated by cold, hunger, and merciless jolting over stony roads, just as the grey day was passing into twilight, we went by a carriage-drive and shrubbery to what might be called a gentleman farmer's house, which had once been very pretty, but as doors and windows were gone, and their places filled by heavy timbers, it looked more like a fortified ruin. We got in at the back, and a handsome, dignified woman received us without a smile, and took us into a large kitchen furnished with two wooden stools. Living with nothing to do, month after month, in denuded, darkened rooms, was enough to account for this lady's melancholy, and she recalled with bitterness the days when it was a cheerful, comfortable home. Everything movable, even the grates, had been sent away. Only a very pretty paper on the walls of a large drawing-room, the windows of which were filled with brushwood, remained to tell of better days. There was no servant, no laborer, the byres and stables were empty, there was no living creature in the fine paved farm-yard, only a lone woman and her girl in a dark, damp, denuded house, waiting for better days, but dreading worse, and gradually losing hope, it seemed. She paid £212 a year in rent and taxes; she had, and possibly still has, capital, but she entered the combination along with the poorest tenant on the estate. "How do you like the Plan?" I asked, after some conversation on that inexhaustible topic "the state of things." "Like it," she re-

plied with much bitterness of tone, "I'm sick of it—I wish I'd been in eternity before I went into it; but I'm a lone woman, with no one to guard me, and if I were to pay my rent I should be shot."

Our last visit to Mr. Maurice Doyle of Inchiquin was a very cheery one in some aspects of the case. This is a fine farm with a rental of £370, iron gates admitting to a long carriage-drive, a good house, and very extensive farm-buildings in good repair. But the house itself was uninhabited, and had been ruthlessly pulled about for purposes of fortification. The doors and windows were heavily barricaded, and even the great flagstone at the front door had been taken up. On the front was painted in large letters, "Exterminators, come on!"*

Mr. and Mrs. Doyle, the latter a very pretty, graceful-looking young wife, were living with their five lovely children in a large, dark outhouse with an earthen floor. In this the youngest child was born. Mr. Doyle, a handsome, spirited-looking young fellow, is no doubt a man of capital, and spoke in the cheery tone which capital gives. After declaring that they would fight it out now to the end, he said that when the tenants decided to adopt the Plan, he at once held an auction of his stock and sold them off at the best price of the day, while many who sent their beasts to friends, not expecting the struggle to last so long, had had to sell them later for what they would then fetch, and had lost seriously. He said that he could not have gone on paying his rent, and added, "I'm as well as I am in the mean time," i.e., if nothing was coming in, nothing was being paid out.

A long, bleak, bitter drive in the darkness ended at the Imperial Hotel in Youghal with a good fire, an excellent dinner, and a long conversation with Mr. O'Neill, the secretary of the local branch of the National League. The intention of the managers of the Plan of Campaign undoubtedly is to replace the tenants in the position in which they were before the struggle began, but one may be allowed to doubt whether this will be *morally*, even if it is financially, possible.

I reached Cork late the same night, and alighted at the Victoria Hotel, which I soon found was the Nationalist headquarters, and much excited about the arrest that morning of the foreman printer of the

* The "Exterminators" have just accepted the challenge, and "come on," taking the defenders by surprise, and the tenant has been evicted.

Cork Examiner, one of the most pronounced of the Nationalist papers, the office of which is opposite. Guests, waiters, chambermaids, all, and at all times, talked Nationalism. Dr. Tanner flitted as a familiar spirit through the corridors, liberated political prisoners were regaled at the bar. English Home Rule lecturers, and English and Scotch delegations addressed crowds from the balcony, political telegrams were received and discussed all day long, nothing was to be heard of but Ireland, and Irish grievances and aspirations.

Being anxious to see as many sides as possible of "the state of things," I took a day's drive of about thirty miles in the County Cork in order to visit some of the families who have been and are "strictly boycotted." It was a matter of some difficulty to get a car for such an expedition, but through friendly intervention, a car-owner, a Cork man, but a Protestant and an Orangeman, undertook to take me. There are said to be twenty-two thousand Protestants in Cork, who count for little or nothing, as for prudential reasons they do not make their voices heard, except in the very feeble squeak of the *Cork Constitution*. My driver had, however, "the courage of his opinions," and even ventured to commit the heinous crime of "driving the police."

I left Cork early on a brilliant frosty morning, returning late at night under a cloudless sky, and it was a truly delightful drive, whether through the smiling woodlands and trim demesnes which skirt the bright waters of the Lee, or upwards over the purple moorlands, on which boldly outlined mountains rest, then white with new-fallen snow. The small bay horse trotted merrily without a stimulus, and the driver being a prospering man was quietly and intelligently cheerful. We went quite up to the skirts of the high hills into pleasant pastoral country, dotted with limewashed homesteads, before we came to the families of which I was in search, calling on the way at a farm which, in spite of police protection day and night, had had the steading burned down three weeks before. The way to the farm of Barraharing lay down a steep narrow lane with high banks, involving getting off the car, and walking, while the hinged foot-boards were turned up and back over the seats, which narrowed the car for the narrow road. On the way down we passed two or three farms, close to one of which the McCarthy family live in a good farm-

house, with large outbuildings all in good order, and pleasant grazing-land around it, two hundred and forty acres in all. This man has another farm some miles nearer Cork, and has been very thrifty and industrious. He is boycotted as a "landgrabber," but he desires it to be understood that he did not take "an evicted farm" (in which case apparently he would have recognized the justice of the sentence), but a farm which, after being the subject of litigation for some years, was duly advertised and let to him as the highest bidder. For eighteen months he says he lived in peace, and then the sentence went forth. In September, 1885, late one evening, five shots were fired into his house. The holes in the shutters and walls made by them have not been filled up. Since then he and his family have been completely outlawed in their neighborhood.

It is not likely that any reader of this magazine knows the meaning of being left "severely alone,"* as it is understood by the McCarthys of Barraharing. On knocking at the house door, Mrs. McCarthy opened it a chink. I said I had called at the suggestion of Mr. —, who I knew had rendered them some services. The door was opened a little wider, so that I had a glimpse of two comely girls at the washtub, but it was still held with one hand and knee, and no welcome was offered. Mrs. McCarthy had one arm in a sling and her face was contorted with pain, and I expressed some sympathy with her, merely saying that I was sorry to see her suffering so much, and that as I had been in a London hospital for a time I might be able to suggest something that would relieve the pain. The door at once opened wide, and the girls left the washtub. Their mother had a very severe whitlow on one finger, which was enlarged almost to bursting; she was flushed and feverish; she had not had any sleep for three nights, and had been walking up and down the kitchen all the previous night and morning, and there was no help to be had. There were neighbors all round, but not one dared to perform any neighborly office

* Mr. Parnell on boycotting, Ennis, September 19, 1880. — "When a man takes a farm from which another has been evicted, you must show him on the roadside when you meet him; you must show him in the streets of the town; you must show him at the shop counter; you must show him in the fair and in the market-place, and even in the house of worship, by leaving him *severely alone*, by putting him into a moral Coventry, by isolating him from the rest of his kind as if he were a leper of old; you must show him your detestation of the crime he has committed."

for this suffering "LEPER." I asked her if she could bear a short sharp pain for the relief of her hand, and she said she would bear anything, she was "so nearly mad." So I opened the finger with a penknife for nearly two inches, and she did not wince, only gave a low short cry. After the contents of the finger had drained into some hot water, and a bread poultice and a supporting sling were put on, she said she was absolutely "free of pain." I never saw such instantaneous relief. It was worth the whole day's expedition to see the change in this poor woman's face. Both mother and daughters made me simply welcome. I was taken into a bright clean room, half parlor, half dairy, with bullet-holes in the shutters and wall; tea, rich cream, and scones were provided, and the good woman said she would tell me "the state of things."

Apart from the inscrutable narrative of the taking of the farm (*i.e.*, the landgrabbing) which was interrupted by the statement, "You see we're not like people who took an evicted farm," the circumstances seem these. After taking the farm they went on as usual for eighteen months, then came the decree in virtue of which they were to be left *severely alone*. Their servants and laborers were compelled to leave them under threats of personal violence. Five shots were fired through their windows, since which time, two and a half years ago, two policemen have slept in their house each night. McCarthy and his family could not attend mass; one Christmas day, all the occupants of the gallery of the chapel rose and left it as soon as they entered, and he had to be escorted home by four policemen to protect him from a mob hooting, groaning, and throwing mud. The blacksmith will not shoe their horses, or the shoemaker themselves. The carpenter will not repair their house. No neighboring shops will deal with them; and in Cork city, to which their necessities drove them, they can only buy the necessities of life by stealth — here a little and there a little, the shops from which they bought meal, etc., having declined to supply them, having been threatened with boycotting by their Cork customers. The butter-merchants refuse to buy their butter. Their cattle have been boycotted in Macroom fair, and the only way in which they can dispose of them is by driving them at dead of night to a given place, where they are met by an agent of the Cork Defence Union, and by some mysterious methods of changing hands are eventually shipped to England.

They had to withdraw their children from school because the other children refused to attend school along with them. Two emergency men, supplied by the Cork Defence Union, live in their house and act as laborers. A travelling forge, equipped and sent round among boycotted people by the same union, shoes their horses once a month. If a horse casts a shoe in the interval there is no help for it. No one ever crosses the threshold. No one ever speaks to any one of them anywhere. They can never go to weddings, wakes, dances, or fairs. They are literally shunned as *lepers*. A son and two girls have grown up under this sentence, and their *gaucherie* and peculiarity of manner are most singular. "My daughters can never get husbands," the mother exclaimed. I took the eldest on my car to her uncle's farm of Ballyherrick, where her father was, and this little jaunt made it a gala day. The uncle, Denis McCarthy, is "completely boycotted" for remaining on friendly terms with his brother. The particulars are the same. He, a very delicate man, and his wife are treated as *lepers*. His wife was stoned and her clothes torn by the people when attending chapel some time ago. Just before my visit some of his outbuildings, his stacks, and a cart had been destroyed by incendiaries and the neighbors looked on. These people had no children, and could get no servant; they are both frail, and the woman said she wished daily she had been in her grave before the boycotting began.

In the County Cork, I visited over twenty families of completely boycotted people, who are only enabled to live by being supplied with labor and the necessities of life through the agency of the Cork Defence Union. Some of these were landgrabbers, some were people who had been unfortunate enough to be subpoenaed for the crown, and others were guilty of friendliness or aid to the boycotted. The system has been most admirably contrived for rendering it all but impossible for men to break "the unwritten law" which has become dominant over much of Ireland. A few days later I was at the house of Mr. —, M.P., and in the course of conversation on "the state of things," he said, "I don't think there'll be more evicted farms taken." "Why," I asked, "would the tenants be boycotted?" "Worse than that," he answered. "Murdered?" I asked. "Yes. I couldn't recommend boycotting in Kerry. The people are desperate, and it would mean murder.

You could not say, 'There's a marked man, don't speak to him,' but what there'd be a shot fired some dark night."*

* Mr. Gladstone on boycotting, May 24, 1892. — Boycotting "is in the first place combined intimidation. In the second it is combined intimidation made use of for the purpose of outraging private liberty of choice by fear of ruin and starvation — we must look to this that the creed of boycotting, like every other creed, requires a sanction, and that the sanction of boycotting, which stands in the rear of boycotting, and by which alone boycotting in the long run can be made thoroughly effective, is, *the murder which is not to be denounced.*"

From The National Review.
ITALY IN ENGLAND.

LIVES there a man, whatever may be his birthplace, and however strong may be his attachment to it, who upon crossing the Alps into Italy will not in his heart give that happy land the preference over any country, at least next after his own?

And is there a bride who, when offered the choice of the spot for her first experiment of a wedded paradise, would not bargain for a villa at Como, at Fiesole, at Sorrento; for some blissful bower between the mountains and the sea?

Or is there anywhere out of Italy an earthly abode where disappointment may be better hid, or bereavement sooner soothed; where loss of wealth, of power, or even of character may be more easily lived down?

Even so! for travellers out of any region, for men of taste and refinement, for poets and artists, and the best sort of idlers, especially English, there is, without contradiction, only one Italy.

John Bull does not particularly care about the Italians. He is not blind to their alleged faults. He does not seek very extensive or intimate acquaintance with them. But he bears with the people for the country's sake. And, all things considered, he finds them at their worst less offensive than some of his nearer neighbors; less stiff and heavy than the Germans; less arrogant and overbearing than the French. On the other hand, the Italians, as an untravelled people, look with interest not unmixed with wonder on such specimens from the British Islands as chance or choice brings in among them. To them, as to their Roman forefathers, a Briton is an islander, "divided," consequently different from themselves as "from the rest of the world;" a being to be allowed greater freedom, wider divergence from their habits and usages, easier

exemption from their rules; an eccentric being whom it may be amusing to study, but whom nobody should presume to understand.

Nothing could be more absurd than to judge England from the generality of her tourists. Yet the Italians have hardly any other standard to go by; for Italian visitors to this country are few and far between; and their stay is short, and their means of gaining information, of divesting themselves of prejudice, are exceedingly limited.

There is, nevertheless, between these two, in every respect heterogeneous races, a mutual curiosity which is not unapt to ripen into strong sympathy. A closer intercourse, it is suggested, could not fail to lead to a more thorough knowledge, and thereby create more friendly feelings between them. And it is on that account and as the best means of bringing about so desirable an end, that we should hail the scheme of the Italian Exhibition appointed to be opened some time this month at West Brompton, where we shall have Italy in England; all Italy coming in as a nation, with all the life and work that is in her laid before us.

The rise of Italian nationality, it should be borne in mind, dates from the era of the earliest London Universal Exhibitions, and was in some measure aided and promoted by them. It was under the very roof of Paxton's Glass House in Hyde Park, in 1851, that the name of Italy was first proclaimed; it was over that same "Crystal" roof that her tricolor was first hoisted anywhere across the Alps. It was in that first "world's show, mart, or emporium," to use the language of the time, that the exhibitors from all the states of the peninsula rallied round that little Piedmont which had, three years before, with little success, taken the lead of Italian destinies, but had, with heroic constancy, determined never to relinquish it. It was there, in that "Sardinian shop," which, with the connivance of generous England, assumed the ambitious designation of "Italian Court," that Italy for the first time took her place as a member of the European family; a mere nebula which was soon to gain the density and consistency of a star of the first magnitude in the European firmament. And it was eleven years later that these daring aspirations were fully realized. At the opening of the greater show at South Kensington, in 1862, Italy came to us as a nation in her own right. She took her place on equal terms with trading communities by the

same title which gave her a seat in the council of ruling powers.

But now she again comes up for an exhibition entirely and exclusively her own. She flatters herself that she can put forward work of sufficient interest to claim the attention of the London civilized world. That world, it seems, is tired of the hub-bub and confusion, of the jealousies, heart-burnings and mutual recriminations, the usual results of over-strained competition. The cry is now for special rather than general, for national rather than international exhibitions. Here we have had the Fisheries and the Inventions, the Health-eries and the *Col-Inderies* (to call them by their barbarous names), the Colonies and India), and the great American Union, each of them in succession coming to muster. The turn has now come for the Italians. We shall have *Italy in England*.

An Italian Exhibition! "Men may well wonder." What can Italy have to show for herself? Are not the Italians the people of whom we were taught to say that they couldn't fight and wouldn't work? Even so. But the world has by this time in a great measure recovered from its ungenerous prepossessions. With respect to the military capabilities of the newly united people a less unfavorable opinion has been spread on the one hand by the reports of the many English, German, and other officers, all the most competent judges, who have made the organization and discipline of the Italian army their particular study; and, on the other hand, by the eagerness evinced by the most powerful and warlike powers to have, in any emergency, that army ranged by their side as an ally in the field.

And the same disillusion, it may be hoped, will now arise in men's minds on the subject of that *dolce far niente*, which was deemed the ignoble privilege claimed by the Italians among the generations of Adam. That the Italians *can* and *will* work, like other men, either when it is made worth their while, or under the stimulus of stern necessity, is a fact of which any one watching the laborers in the fields of Lombardy, or even of Campania, may any day obtain ocular demonstration. It is a fact to which German and English mill-owners, employing native operatives at Milan or even at Naples, will most readily bear witness. And it is, above all things, a fact evidenced by the welcome with which Italian immigrants of all classes, and especially husbandmen and industrials, are received by hundreds of

thousands in the ports of the Argentine Confederacy, and of all other South American republics; and a fact further established by the mean jealousy and savage animosity with which Italian navvies and factory hands are stopped at the French frontiers and driven back by the rabble of Marseilles, Lyons, etc., at whose hands they meet with the same violent and barbarous treatment which the free citizens of California and Oregon inflict on the defenceless Chinese and other Asiatic working-men, for whom they fancy they have no bread to spare.

That the whole Italian nation, since its rise to independent existence, has willingly or unwillingly taken seriously to work, may also be inferred from the circumstance that while during the period of that country's erection into a kingdom (from 1861 to 1888) the population has only been increased by one-fifth (from twenty-five to about thirty million souls), the revenue has been considerably more than quadrupled, the resources of the united country keeping pace with the requirements of its expensive government. It may be said, no doubt, that this inflation of the budget has been the result of an enormous, grinding, crushing taxation. But the people, however they may grumble, are still "singing," and they are the same people of whom a Hapsburg-Lorraine grand-duc used to say: *Cantano? Pagheranno!* (As long as they sing they will pay). So long as the Italians have the means to amuse themselves, they can afford to pay the taxes. The money is forthcoming, and must be taken as an undoubted proof that the extension of the country's productiveness, has kept pace with the strain which has been put upon it.

That work is going on in Italy we must be satisfied. The question remaining is whether the work is worth exhibiting; whether it is of a nature to awaken the interest of the London multitude. With respect to this matter the general opinion is, or rather was, that the Italian working-man is rather an artist than an artisan; that he aims at the beautiful rather than the useful; that he is too partial to solitary, single-handed employment, fitter for the workshop than the factory; that he relies on individual exertion, and must have his own way. In matters industrial as in matters military, it used to be said, the rank and file are always at hand in Italy; the fault lies with the leading powers. The superior intelligence, the controlling influence, the ruling character, is

not always in its place ; and in the absence of a proper leader, the rank and file are too apt to fall into that worst of all mobs — an army of generals.

Even in this respect, however, a marvelous change is perceptible in Italy. The country is growing practical, utilitarian ; aware of the expediency, or indeed necessity, of aggregate effort, and of the wonder-working ascendancy of joint capital. Like the armed force of Italy, her agricultural and industrial labor is being rapidly and soundly organized.

Were there no other evidence of the country's progress in this desirable direction, it might be found in the very agencies that have been at work to carry out the scheme of this year's exhibition in West Brompton.

The idea of an Italian Exhibition in London did not, it is true, originally spring up in an Italian brain. The chief merit of such an enterprise is due to the ingenious Englishman who last year entertained us with the brilliant show of American art and industry, enlivening it with the pranks and gambols of the popular Buffalo Bill. But even Mr. Whitley's talent and energy would not have carried him very far in this new undertaking, had he not found here, in London itself, the fit machinery by which his primitive plan could best be brought to maturity.

There are, perhaps, not many, among the upper ten thousand of our West End world, aware of the existence of an Italian Chamber of Commerce in London. It is a recent institution, barely dating from the latter end of the year 1886 ; and it was the first of the kind that any foreign nation attempted to rear up in the city ; though after its success, and upon its model and principle, other associations of the same nature have been tried by emulous European nations within the course of these last two years. But commercial chambers, originally an Italian contrivance, known among the traders of the mediæval Lombard and Tuscan republics, never-ceased to be in the worst of times, and are now more than ever flourishing, not only in all the principal cities of the peninsula, but also abroad ; in all those localities where Italian merchants carry on business to any considerable extent, and especially at Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, and in the other South American communities, where the Italian element preponderates ; where settlers from the mother country have gained an ascendancy no other rival immigrant race can hope to attain ; and where they take the lead in

all the social movements, exhibiting in their schools, in their clubs, hospitals, savings-banks, etc., an aptitude for good management, for combination and advancement ; above all things, for unity and steadiness of purpose, in which, it must be avowed, their countrymen in Italy itself are not unfrequently deficient. For, after all, the Italians are among those tender plants which, however benignantly nurtured by their own mild and genial climate at home, thrive best by removal to the bracing air of more severe skies abroad.

The bare notion of an Italian show in London had no sooner teemed in Mr. Whitley's fertile mind, than it was taken up by the Italian Chamber of Commerce in the city, and by its energetic president, Cavaliere L. Bonacina, with that southern eagerness which is never slow to kindle into enthusiasm and to proceed from thought to instant action. From the Commercial Chamber in London to the kindred associations in Rome, in Milan and Genoa, in Venice, Modena, Palermo, and throughout the "hundred cities of Italy," the watchword "Italy in England," spread literally with the swiftness of the electric spark. Everywhere the commercial chambers constituted themselves into exhibition committees, with which members of the municipal councils and conspicuous citizens of all classes eagerly co-operated ; and the whole movement was furthered with such good effect that before the middle of March the space of the vast central show-room in West Brompton was cut out and apportioned to as many as one thousand two hundred and fifty-seven exhibitors, to some of whom no less than forty, fifty, sixty, and even a hundred square metres of ground had to be assigned.

And all this was achieved upon the understanding that in this Italian, as in the preceding American speculation, the whole affair should be, to use the words of the projector, "the outcome of private initiative, receiving *neither subsidy nor encouragement nor assistance of any description whatever* from the government."

King Humbert, it is true, was proclaimed "patron," and his son the crown-prince of Italy was asked to be "president" of the Association. But these were merely nominal titles conferring on those exalted personages no share either of the management or in the costs of the national enterprise, not any more than similar distinctions awarded to the Italian ambassador and to the consul-general in London

are understood to give them any claim to direct or indirect control over the transactions of the Italian Chamber of Commerce, of which those two functionaries are simply *ex officio* and *ad honorem*, respectively, the president and vice-president. So anxious is Italy in this business to prove her ability to *far da sé*.

And Italy, be it remembered, does not in this first experiment put herself forward as a candidate for competitive examination; she would not dream of challenging a comparison between her own productions and those of England, France, Germany, or of any other nation now struggling for the leading place at the head of human progress. That place, she is aware, was in a remote past her own, and there is no reason why she may not aspire to regain it in a distant future. But in the mean while she must be satisfied with running the race only against herself; if she can show that after so long a period of division and enthrallment, there is still life and work in her; if she can flatter herself that during this first score and a half of years of her free and united existence her people have made wider strides in the path of civilization than any other nation has accomplished within the same short period, she will take back from West Brompton the amplest encouragement to proceed in her career. By proving that she has done well hitherto, she will gain the confidence which may empower her to do better hereafter.

It was a favorite saying of Lord Byron that the Italians, in the worst of times, were "better than their reputation." And we can recall to memory none of the old international exhibitions in which the part played by Italy did not very considerably exceed the common expectation. Though some specimens of Italian trinkets may and must for a long time have made their way into England in the trunks of the swarms of tourists shopping year after year in those southern cities, we may well remember how such articles of art industry as Ginori's china, Castellani's gold, Salviati's glass, Florentine inlaid marble tables, Roman cameos and mosaics, Neapolitan coral, Genoese filigree work, Milan carriages, Turin furniture, etc., etc., were still in a great measure a *terra incognita* for the mass of English people, till they were laid out in the Italian Court at the South Kensington show of 1862; and even there they attracted but little attention till the *Times* opened the eyes of the purblind multitude to their merits, thus at once establishing them as permanent branches of

living London trade in Bond, St. James, and Regent Streets.

We should not be surprised if some revelation of the same nature awaited us this year in the great Exhibition building at West Brompton.

In the first place, Italian agriculture will now for the first time come to muster in England on a very large scale; the department of "alimentary substances;" vegetable and dairy produce, wines, spirits, oils, butter, and eggs, filling up four hundred and eighty square metres of the covered shed of the Exhibition, will supply fresh flowers, fruit, and vegetables day by day with the same perfect regularity with which the enterprising Signor Cirio has already for several years been forwarding by the Alta Italia railway lines long goods-trains across the Alps, from Lombardy and Piedmont all the way to Berlin, Warsaw, St. Petersburg, and the whole north; long trains laden with the yield of the gardens, orchards, vineyards, and poultry-yards of all parts of the peninsula.

I have already stated that the object of the framers of this exhibition scheme was to bring over to London, not only the produce of the work, but, as far as was practicable, the actual work itself, and the very life of the Italian working classes. We shall have here the Roman market, with its dealers and customers in their native rustic costumes. We shall have the macaroni fabrics of Resina and Torre del Greco, the cooking-shops of Chiaia and Santa Lucia. With them will come the tribes of plaiting Tuscan *containe* with their neat industry of Florence or Leghorn hats; the factory hands of the cotton-mills at Intra and Biella; of the woollen cloth of Schio and Sora, the paper-mills of the Fibreno, and of the silk-spinning, weaving, and dyeing houses at Como and throughout Lombardy; in short, a perfect colony of Italian operatives carrying their workshops along with them.

By their attempt to bring up this variety of national *actualités*, the managers of this year's exhibition have endeavored to reproduce the various phases of Italian popular life in all its localities, with all their different provincial peculiarities, with their Babel of dialects, so as to create in their English visitors, in sunny days, the pleasant illusion that a beneficent fairy has for a few hours wafted them full ten degrees south of their native latitude. Within the few acres of the West Brompton enclosure, we shall all fancy ourselves in "dear Italy"!

For it should not be forgotten that the

main object of these special and national shows has been from the beginning to *misere utile dulci*. There is a lively as well as a sober side to undertakings of this nature. One of the main purposes is to give the London millions year after year a pleasant summer lounge, in which amusement and instruction may be provided, hand in hand, in about the same proportions. The ingenuity which last year contrived to give so rare a zest to the humors and oddities of American life, will this year be at no loss to find in the peculiarities of the people which has invented the Carnival, which has given birth to harlequin, the clown, punch, *mariettes*, *fantouini*, *burattini*, and all kind of puppet performance, ample means for pleasurable morning and evening entertainment. There is to be a musical as well as an artistic department in the West Brompton show, and a vast arena in which manly sports like the game of *pallone*, the *birocini*, or two-wheel chariot races, and other national pastimes, will be the order of the day. For it would not be easy to think of any social institution in which the Italians in olden times have not shown the way for other nations, though undoubtedly these latter in many instances showed themselves apt pupils and left their instructors far in the rear, the names only, with but slight alteration, still remaining to trace their derivation, as in *pall mall*, *regatta*, *polo*, and the like.

With respect to music and the fine arts, it is not unlikely that the Italians come to this muster under some shade of misgiving; for in the matter of painting and sculpture there is certainly great divergence of opinion between the conceit the Italians have of themselves, and the rate at which they are valued by their transalpine neighbors. The greatness of the mediaeval Renaissance, in the judgment of German, English, and other writers, has utterly and irreparably dwarfed and crushed the genius of modern Italy, in art as well as literature; and whenever European art has come to a trial of strength, at Vienna or Paris or London, the southern land has always, at the utmost, come off second-best in the encounter.

Italy, we hear repeated *ad nauseam*, has no longer a Dante, a Raphael, a Titian; and that is all the harder for her, as England, forsooth, rejoices in such a lot of living Shakespeares; France boasts so many Corneilles and Molières; and the Netherlands can point to so many Vandekes and Rembrandts of the present day.

Poetical or artistic talent, as we all

know, is the result of human labor and culture. It works within certain grooves of civilized thought and the development of educational progress. It lies within the compass of common measure and standard. But genius is God's direct and spontaneous handiwork. It is born, not made; it is of no particular age or country; amenable to no acknowledged rules of local or general taste. It is not much seen at exhibitions, national or international; were it to appear there, it would stand no great chance of being recognized and admitted. Indeed, it would run risk of being routed as a monster and abortion, as it was the fate of Dante, Shakespeare, and Michael Angelo's works to be, in ages whose false refinement was no longer in harmony with the loftiness of their primitive minds.

A. GALLENGA.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
IN THE DALES SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

IT was my first cure, and I, a young curate of three-and-twenty, was put in charge of two solitary chapelries on the high moors, one of them twelve miles to the north and the other four to the south of the central village where I was to live. In fine weather nothing could be more delicious than the brisk bright air as I rode across the tracks among the heather, for roads there were none, putting up blackcock and grouse as I passed, and the little mountain sheep which could scramble anywhere and live on anything, even on the scanty grass among the big boulders. The moors were seamed with dales wherever a stream found its way, and here the ground was better, and little green closes and even patches of oats were to be seen. A small corn-mill stood on the tumbling rushing cataract at the head of the glen among the promontories of rock, and little low stone farmhouses were perched in the most solitary places. There was an honest warm-hearted ring about the real moorsmen, who were extremely pleasant to live with, and they soon became very friendly to the "young priest," as was the usual phrase in those days. I was Yorkshire born and Yorkshire bred, which helped us to an understanding.

The farthest of the little chapelries lay high up near the head of one of the dales, with a splendid view down a broader glen, where the brook widened into a river falling among rocks. The chapel was a long, low, old stone building with a tiny

bell-tower and a porch. I heard of an inscription on a similar one showing it was built by Earl Tosti, brother of Harold, but there was nothing to mark the date of ours. It had belonged to a great religious house down in the lowlands, now in ruins, and had probably been served by a resident monk, living in some sort of stone cell near by, or by a curate like myself, riding up for the day's service.

I started always soon after six, for the journey was a difficult one. In winter I have known the melting snow swell one of the streams till it reached half-way to my knee as I stemmed the torrent on horseback, and my gray mare and I had much ado to get through it safely at all. Another time the way to reach the upper ground had been cut through an enormous snowdrift, the walls of which were higher than my head on horseback. One Sunday, blinded by the sleet and thick-falling snow, I missed the way and was wandering off on the wild moor no one knows where, when the congregation, not seeing me arrive, set the bell tolling and turned out with shouts which brought me safely in.

The little church was almost always full, with the farmers, "statesmen" (the small owners), and their "hinds" (laborers). We had a trifle of Sunday school to begin with, the only direct instruction the children could ever receive, and then came the service. Every woman as she stepped over the threshold made a low curtsey, every man a reverent bow. If their seats lay near the priest, the salutation was repeated to him on passing the pulpit. Sometimes I was wet through and had to borrow the clerk's coat to appear in, while mine was being dried at his fire. After church was over I dined in the solitary dwelling near the chapel, where lived the widow of the late clerk. She used to put my piece of mutton and potatoes into a flat, iron-covered vessel, which was then heaped all around with great turfs of hot peat a foot or two deep before we went to church, in order to bake slowly during the service, the result being excellent, for all the juices of the meat were preserved as in the pre-historic fashion of cookery.

One day I was summoned to the funeral of an old woman, and being a little late I found the company sitting on the wall of the churchyard comfortably chatting, with the coffin put down cheerfully in the midst of its friends. Nobody was ever ill, nobody died except from old age, so that I had no attendance on the sick added to my

laborers. "Does nobody ever die here?" said I, when I first came to the place. "Nobody as I ever heerd on, without it be an old ooman, whiles," was the laughing answer. Sometimes a farmer would send to beg that I would come and christen a new-born baby, as it was often impossible to take it across the moors to church; after the performance there was a little feast, where I was bound to eat of the "parket," a sort of great ginger-bread cake, and taste the gin provided for the occasion, but there was no drinking in the district. The dalesmen were sober fellows, except perhaps on great market-days when they went down to the nearest market-town to meet their kind and have a bout of jollification. The women visited the land of shops about once a year to get such luxuries as tea and materials for cakes, with an occasional ribbon and silk handkerchief; but almost all their clothing was home-made, and the spinning of wool and flax went on during the whole year, while an itinerant weaver collected the yarn and wove it in his hand-loom, as described in "Silas Marner." Their food consisted of oatcake and oat or barley bannocks, bacon, fitches of which hung from the rafters of the old kitchens, cranberries, cloudberrries made into jam, milk (but cows were not common), and vegetables. Butchers' meat was unknown, yet stronger men I have never seen. Great teas were the festivities, where you were pressed to eat as much as would have furnished two stout men. The little, low, old stone farmhouses were hidden away among the purple, heathery hills, almost worthy the name of mountains, in whose glens and crannies I used to find great orchises and mountain flowers, such as gentians of three kinds. Bilberries, cranberries, and cloudberrries grew among the heather, and rare plants in the peat-bogs of the hollows, which were brilliant with shades of brown and red, bright green, and yellow. Peat was generally cut for fuel in the outlying farms and cottages where the hinds lived; coal was rare, for no cart or wheeled thing could get up or down the tremendous pitches of the hillsides, and the only portage for goods was by strings of pack mules and donkeys. The utter seclusion was greater than we can now conceive, and there was scarcely any communication even between the different farms. But the air was delicious, life-giving, to those who could stand these high regions, and nothing could be more healthy than the result upon both men and women.

It never occurred to me to be alarmed on my solitary rides, late or early; the people were as honest as the day, and perfectly trustworthy. Moreover I was, as it were, "dwelling among mine own people." I do not know however how my nerves would have stood it if I had heard what happened in a parish not far off a little later. I tell the tale as it was told to me. There had been a period of great distress among the statesmen, the oats had failed, the hay had been drowned by the weather and the floods, the cattle had had scarcely anything to eat, and there was something like starvation in the dales. The curate had collected a subscription in the lower country, and was himself taking the money about to the different farms, but the distances were so great that he was sometimes kept till quite late at night. One evening on his outward journey he suddenly became aware of a figure moving beside him, and in the gloaming he recognized his brother who had died some time before. He was too awestruck for any words, and after keeping by his side for some distance over the lonely moor the silent figure disappeared. He noted down the time and the vision, but nothing occurred to throw any light upon it. Some years after he had taken the duty at a jail in another part of the county, and one of the prisoners, being under sentence, desired to make a confession to him. He told of a number of crimes and ended with, "I was very near once taking your life, sir. It was in that bad year, and I heerd as how you went carrying money about in those lonesome dales. I hid behind the big boulders on the brown moor, I seen you coming up and waited till you should be near enough, *but that night you were not alone!*!"

There were plenty of superstitions in the district about "boggarts" and "bogies" and hairy goblins who threshed the corn and eat the cream, but these were not terrible.

One evening I was taking my ease after a hard day's work, looking for a rare gentian in a Gerard's "Herbal," of 1618, which a friend had picked up at a cheap bookstall for me. It had struck nine, and as we kept early hours in the dales I was beginning to think of bed, when my landlady opened the door with, "Here's a little maid as be wanting of you, sir," and a shock-headed little girl about twelve years old, neatly dressed but with bare feet, came in under her arm. "My missis, she says as how you are to come off sudden with me, for life and death, says she, what

waits for no man." "'Tis from the Lathkill Dale," put in my landlady, "and that's five miles off if it is an inch." "What, are the old Cloudesdales ill?" I asked the little messenger, who only shook her head. "Then what is wrong with them?" "Won't morning do? It is too late tonight," suggested Mrs. Dixon. "Missis says ye maun come, foul nor fair, sick nor well." "But what is it for?" I pleaded. "She said as how I was to doddle none, nor chatter none, or she'd cut my tongue out;" (we were very outspoken in the dales) "and I maun come and go like the wind!"

There was no help for it; so I went out to saddle my tired mare, begging that the child might have a basin of bread and milk, which she finished in great haste as soon as she saw I was ready, and we started. Lathkill Dale was the most distant and secluded of the outlying farms in the parish, and the way was very difficult; but it was a bright moonlight night in autumn, almost as light as day. As we came out of the silent village on the wild moor I would have taken the child up before me, but she was far too independent and preferred her own little active bare feet, as she showed me the devious way among the green sheep-paths, twisting and turning, never straightforward, through the deep heather. I can see the little figure before me now, turning in the bright moonlight. Road of course there was none, not even a track; up one steep hill and down another our course lay, through a peat-moss, where my little guide led me, forgetting that while she could hop from patch to patch of solid grass-roots, I and the mare must flounder through at the risk of sticking fast in the bog.

"There's lots of cranberries here," said Elsie, watching us composedly as we scrambled out at last, the horse mired up to the chest. "Bonnie lady giv me this," added she, pulling a ribbon out of her pocket, "for doing for her, but I donna dare show it to missis; she'd down upon me like the day o' judgment."

I knew the place and the Cloudesdales well, but there was certainly no "bonnie lady" there then. The old statesman had sent for me some six months before, believing himself to be on his death-bed, but life was slow to part in this stout hard race. He was a tall, wiry old man, with great grizzled eyebrows that moved ominously when he was angry. He was lying in a cold, comfortless, dark, stone-flagged room next to the kitchen, on a heavy oak

bedstead without sheets, which were considered generally for the dales as too great a luxury. Mrs. Cloutesdale was now trying to put them on for the great occasion of death, very much to his annoyance. After a little talk I found that he cherished a deadly feud with his nearest neighbor, a farmer, living some miles over the hill, about a right of sheep-walk, worth probably not sixpence-halfpenny; the quarrel had descended to them from their fathers, and neither of them would yield an inch for his life. I talked in vain, of "forgive as ye should hope to be forgiven"— bringing down the terrors of the next world in a way that I should perhaps hardly do at present, but without the least effect; when at last the old woman rose suddenly, shouting aloud, "Mun I see ye go down i' th' pit yonder to be burnt eternally before my very eyes, ye dour man?" and he surlily gave consent to have his enemy summoned to his side. A messenger was sent over the moor to fetch him. I would have prayed and read with the old man, but he closed his eyes and seemed determined to sleep. It was bitterly cold, and I went into the kitchen and sat within the huge chimney-corner. Mrs. Cloutesdale was lifting a long coil of her own homespun linen from a great carved old chest, and tearing it into lengths. "It's for the auld man's shroud, ye ken, he'll be wanting of it soon," said she gravely, when I asked what she was about. When the hereditary foe, a rather younger man of the same build, arrived, we went straight to the old man's bed. Cloutesdale looked at him fiercely, "Jock, the'say ah's goin' to dee. Wag hands!" He reached out his own, and the ceremony of reconciliation was solemnly accomplished. I was rejoicing over the success of my efforts, when the penitent, falling back upon his pillow, ejaculated sternly, "But if iver a' get oup agen, mind yersen!" He did not "get oup" again and in a few days I was summoned to lay him in the grave—the bearers having carried him over seven or eight miles of the rough mountain moorland in the bitter spring weather. I had heard nothing of the Cloutesdales since that time, except that the widow had taken a nephew to live with her in order to mind the farm.

Elsie and I had now reached our last descent to the farm, which lay for shelter under the lee of the hill, near a tumbling brook, —boiling, rushing, foaming between low piles of rock and over great masses of moss-covered stone, which had fallen from above and barred its way.

Opposite the house, however, it spread into a shallow ford which shone now brightly in the moonlight. "You must get up here at least, child, and let me carry you through," said I; but before I had finished speaking she had kilted her short petticoat and I could see the little white feet splashing through the water to the other side. The farmhouse and steadings, the pig-styes and cow-byre, all of cold gray stone, stood on a brow with a little patch of oats in the hollow, a strip of bright green meadow by the beck, a kail-yard, but nothing like a garden in that bare wilderness of heath—and not a tree in sight. There was a sort of desolate grandeur in the stern outlines of the hills and the tumbling, rushing beck; nothing, however, could exceed the savage seclusion of such a place in those days, the utter loneliness of it lost in the desert of great heathery seas of moorland stretching to the border.

Mrs. Cloutesdale was standing at the door waiting for me, in her striped woollen jacket and linen cap. "What is it? Elsie won't tell me a single word," said I. She was climbing the steep stair before me and did not turn. "It's one as is come to us from the lowland pearts, for to have her child up here private—the babe's come, and I misdoubt as she's going fast. She is just wild for you to christen him afore she dies," said she, as she opened the door of the room at the stairhead. It was perfectly bare, nothing but the bed, the table, a great carved old chest with an apology for a basin upon it, and a couple of chairs. The moonlight was pouring into the room and on the bed, where lay a young woman with her long black hair streaming over the pillow. She was perfectly still, her eyes were closed and her beautiful features looked like marble in the cold light. "'Tis the young priest," said Mrs. Cloutesdale. She opened her great dark eyes as I came up, and looked at me intently. "You have been a long time coming, sir," observed she at last gravely. "I made as much haste as I could," I replied gently. "Death may make more haste for me," answered she, in a tone so low that it could scarcely be heard. She put her hand on the little bundle that lay beside her. "There is no time to lose; you must baptize this before I am gone," she went on, in the same stern, unmoved tone. I knelt down by her side and prayed; her black eyes gleamed and her mouth moved, but it did not seem to me that it was in following my words, but in her impatience to get

on. "Take him," she said, when I had finished, imperiously to Mrs. Cloutesdale standing at the foot of the bed, who took the child in her arms. "You must be godmother," said the patient. "God-parents are not needful here," said I. "But I choose her, and you, sir, to be like its godfather." "And what name must I give it?" I asked. "Lancelot," answered she after a long pause, and I proceeded to christen the little atom, who began to wail and scream at his entrance into this troublesome world, and the infliction of cold water. After the concluding prayer he was put back into the bed beside his mother. "You have not given me the surname," said I, "and he must be registered. What am I to write?" "Lancelot," repeated she. "Yes, but what is his other name?" There was another pause, and I caught only a low whisper. "He made me swear I would not tell!" Her hand lay outside the bed; I looked at it, there was no ring there, "But it is hanging round my neck," she said, instantly detecting my glance and making an effort to show me the chain where it hung. "For your child's sake you must give me the name," said I soothingly; "I will promise not to reveal it if you choose, unless it be necessary." There was no answer. "When you are gone surely the babe should not be left nameless and fatherless," I added as the child began to wail. "Hush," she said almost angrily to it, "I *must* think," then turning imperiously to me, added, "Pray for me." I knelt down once more beside her and uttered the collect for the twelfth Sunday after Trinity, the first thing that occurred to me, — "Forgive us those things whereof our conscience is afraid," — when two large tears came rolling down her cheeks, but she did not speak. Again I prayed that God would strengthen her heart at having thus to leave her child alone in this cold world, and again the two bitter tears overflowed.

There was a pause. I could hear the wind whistling in the casement. Her strength was evidently ebbing fast. "I *will* tell it," she said at last resolutely. "Stoop down — closer — nearer." I did so, but no word came; there was a deep gasp, I looked again, and all was over: she was dead.

It was very awful to me; there had not been a word or thought, apparently, of that place to which she was going, or of that God whom she must so soon meet; and then I remembered the two silent tears and her order to me to pray, and I

thought of the loving Father who pitied his children and of the Saviour with whom there was no "too late," even for the penitent thief on the cross; and as I buried my head in my hands I rejoiced to think that God was not as man, and would not judge according to our shortened vision.

I was roused by a cry from the child and by Mrs. Cloutesdale, who had just returned from down-stairs; "And what maun I do wi' the little 'un?" said she gloomily. "A' canna just be fashed like this with a mitherless bairn — you be like his godfather, sir, take him yersen." I jumped with horror. "What! a baby to feed and care for? You know I cannot do it."

A child's cry always appeals to a woman's heart, however stern, and by this time Mrs. Cloutesdale had lifted the living babe from the dead mother's side, and was looking at it more mercifully. "I'll tak tent to it, till so be as we can hear more from's frins and a'," said she, "for a while."

It seemed cruel to examine into secrets which had been kept so jealously, but I was obliged to inquire into the circumstances of the poor lady's arrival in that strange place. "Was she a lady?" inquired I. "Nay, I think none, she were too free ordering folk about, and none too civil; quality has their whims I've heard, but they has their manners too," answered the shrewd old woman. She then told me all she knew, and I honestly believe that there was nothing behind. Her husband had had a letter not long before his death from a cousin, a tradesman in a great town south of the county, asking her to receive a lady who wished to be private up in the dales during her confinement. Fifty pounds would be paid down and ten pounds a month for the time of her stay, which would probably not be long. Mrs. Cloutesdale had been much "put about" at the idea, but times were bad and their mortgage heavy; it was a deal of money, and she had ended by giving her consent. The cousin had brought his charge by coach to a small moorland inn, where he had arranged for a riding-horse and a guide on to the Lathkill Farm, while he himself went back, probably to avoid all inconvenient questions. Nothing of any kind had since been heard, she said, and she now brought the poor woman's little treasures out of a carved chest, seeming to know so accurately what they were and where they were to be found, that I felt sure it was not the first time they had been examined. There was nothing how-

ever amongst them which threw any light on the story — a torn letter with some directions as to her journey, a locket with some black and auburn hair twisted in it and the letter L and M on the back, with some little trinkets, were all that I found, with money enough for a couple more months.

I got up to go with a lingering look and prayer for the dead who had passed so suddenly out of her troubles and her wrongs, and for the little spark of life she had left behind. Down stairs the "parket" and gin were laid out on a clean cloth of Mrs. Cloudesdale's own spinning. She would omit no one of the observances proper for a birth, but I had small heart for a feast. The moon was down, however, and it was pouring with rain; my mare was tired, it was between two and three in the morning and I remained the rest of the night, half lying on the hard wooden settle by the fire with a couple of pillows. The next morning I was roused by Mrs. Cloudesdale coming in with a packet in her hand. "It's come as soon as the breath is out of her body! How she were wearying and worrying arter it to be sure! and now when 'tis too late 'tis here. Boy as brought it, said 'thad been waiting days at the Leathern Bottle.'" I felt as if it was a breach of confidence to look into it. "Let us bury it with her," said I. "If ye wanna open it I'll call in Andrew," (Mrs. Cloudesdale herself could not read). "The bairn shall know its own father, if I can compass it."

There was nothing in the letter, however, to help our search; it was very short and evidently a reply to the poor woman's passionate complaints and threats to return. The writer entreated her not to imperil the welfare of all in order to be sooner acknowledged; he would bring her back as soon as possible, but everything was going wrong with him at that moment; he was in all sorts of troubles, and all for her sake. I thought it a selfish letter, almost hard in the circumstances. Some more money was, however, inclosed, so the care of the child was made easier; but the cousin, who wrote also, told the Cloudesdales that he was going to live in London and gave no fresh address. Still, I took the chance, and sent a note by the little messenger to him, saying that the mother was dead and asking what was to be done with the child, signing it as the curate of the parish. No answer came back and nothing more was ever heard from without, but the old woman took so fondly to the child that before he was two

years old he had become the tyrant of the whole house. As he grew older he was more spoiled by every one, by Mrs. Cloudesdale whom he called granny, by her nephew whom he dignified as uncle when he was good and as Andrew when he was naughty, by Elsie, now a tall, stout lass, and the hind. He was, in spite of it all, a charming little imp, very handsome, strong, broad-shouldered, with curly auburn hair and dark blue eyes. He was a masterful young urchin, and before he was six years old would call upon me from afar to "light down and let him have a ride on my mare." I am afraid I obeyed his commands like the rest of his friends, but on one point I stood firm. I have not that idolatrous respect for the alphabet which considers it as the parent of all virtue and all wisdom. I have known many clever men and women, ay and wise ones too, particularly in those days, who could neither read nor write; and an infinite number of fools who could do both. An old French *émigré* (there were still some in England at that time) once told me that his aunt, the Marquise de —, had only learning enough to follow her Book of Hours, "but she had read life and had read men, and she was the wisest and wittiest woman and the best company I ever met with." Nevertheless, as I knew there was a superstition in the world to which I believed Lancelot belonged and by which I felt sure he would one day be claimed, as to mastering the art of reading, even if it was seldom practised, I did my best to inculcate his letters, but without the smallest success. Lancelot was as sharp as a little needle; he knew almost as much about the birds, beasts, and flowers of the district as I did myself; his perception of the character of the people with whom he lived, and of the best method of getting his way out of each of them, was of the shrewdest; but no puppy dog or little pig was more stupid and obstinate when it came to that wretched alphabet.

I had come one day at great inconvenience to myself to look after the child. Mrs. Cloudesdale always welcomed me warmly, and often asked me to look over papers for her. She was busy about her great open fireplace, which stretched almost along one side of the room. On the low hearth were heaped great turfs of peat round pots and pans of every size and sort, in which she baked (there was no oven), and boiled, and steamed potatoes. To-day the flat girdle-plate was on as soon as she saw me, and she was pre-

paring fresh oatcakes in my favor, as big as a large washing-basin and about the thickness and consistency of leather; but I was to the manner born and liked the taste of the fresh oatmeal, and did not despise the barley bannocks done upon the gridiron, especially now that Mrs. Cloudesdale (since the poor lady's advent) had taken to the unheard-of luxury of a little butter. But Lancelot could be persuaded to do absolutely nothing at his lessons. He lay on his back with his feet in the air, and when I transferred him bodily to the corner, matters did not improve. Mrs. Cloudesdale, however, I believe chiefly in order to screen the criminal, here thrust a roll of papers into my hand and begged me to help her in some trouble with a mortgage. Almost all these little ownerships are mortgaged up to the hilt. A few bad seasons bring something like starvation among them. A landlord relaxes his rent in such a case — a money-lender never; he is always looking out for a chance of foreclosing. Mrs. Cloudesdale was trying to pay off part of hers with the money received for the child, but had been met by a demand for an increase of interest. The little bundle of title-deeds she gave me was very curious. I am not clever in such matters, but I could read the kings' names in them, and the earliest was to a Cloudesdale in the reign of Henry the Seventh. I mention it here only as a proof how these statesmen went on, neither waxing nor waning for hundreds of years, neither learning nor gaining anything from the lapse of time. The Cloudesdale whom I had known was probably an exact counterpart of his ancestor three hundred years before.

I went back to the delinquent in the corner, but he had escaped to Elsie and her spinning-wheel, and was more impervious to the alphabet than ever. At last I rose up in wrath: "You are a bad boy, Lance, I don't love you, go away, I shan't speak to you again." Then hardening my heart against granny's earnest excuses and promises, and Elsie's apologies for crimes she had not committed, I went out and walked up the glen in search of an ivy-leaved campanula which I thought might grow there. Presently I heard a running footfall behind me, and felt a little hand steal into mine, but I was obdurate and took no notice. In a few minutes came a burst of tears like the bellow of a young bull-calf: "I *will* be good! I *will* learn my round O's!" Perhaps it will be thought that I capitulated too soon; but I

am not a man of war, I loved the child, and was glad to make peace at any price. He was good company, too, though he would not learn to read. We found the bell-flower and many other treasures together, particularly the late nest of a mountain-chat in the rocks over the beautiful little waterfall at the head of the dale. "There is only one egg in it, there will be two to-morrow," whispered Lance eagerly, creeping closer while I held him tightly over the hanging bank. "You mustn't come here by yourself," said I, "it is very dangerous. I shall be back on Wednesday; mind you don't go near the place."

Wednesday was very stormy but I would not give up my visit; I don't like breaking a promise even to a child, and I fancied he might have got into mischief. The storm was near; a deep black cloud hung low over our heads; then came down the lightning and the loud thunder rolled among the great hills — "the voice of God," as the old Hebrew psalm calls it — mighty and awe-compelling in its reiterated peals. The rain was falling in torrents as I rode up at my mare's best speed through the torrent to the farm. Mrs. Cloudesdale was standing out careless of the rain, wringing her hands, and Elsie in a flood of tears behind her. "He's gone home!" "What! Lance?" cried I. "He maun ha' o'erbalanced himself reaching arter that wretched nest and the bank giv way and fell wi' him. He maun ha' hit his head agin the rock; anyhow he were quite dead when we fun him lying as smilin' and quiet as in his bed," said she with a burst of grief. I was so thunderstruck that I could say nothing but, "My little Lance — my little Lance!"

The nest had clearly been too much for poor Lance's new-born virtue!

She led me up-stairs with a sob that shook her stern old frame. The beautiful little body lay like a waxen image on the bed where I had seen his mother die. All that wealth of power and cleverness and heart, still in the bud, had passed away like the wind, and "the place thereof knew it no more." Had he passed away also from the temptations and the dangers which would have beset that tender, wayward nature? God fulfils himself in many ways. As I rode away the storm had ceased; all was still and the sweet scents of the mountain flowers were rising in the quiet of the evening. The storm had come and gone seeming almost purposeless.

Little Lancelot's mystery died with him.

In a few months I had left the dales, but I know that nothing more was ever heard there about it. Years after I fancied that I had perhaps lighted on a clue, but it may have been only my own imagining. I was waiting for a coach in the smoking-room of an inn in our own county; the time for its arrival had long since passed and there were rumors of an overset. "Coach-accidents are nasty things; I was in a bad one myself ten years ago," said a gentleman who was waiting as I was. I showed my interest, "a fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind," and he went on. "It was not far from —. The coach was going full gallop to keep ahead of a rival known to be not far behind, and the 'box-seat' was encouraging the coachman to drive yet faster, to my great annoyance. Presently, as we were swaying along full tilt, a sheep leapt over the stone wall into the highway, the four horses swerved all across the road, over went the coach and the passengers were scattered in every direction. I was little hurt and tried to do my best among the wounded; the poor 'box-seat' was taken from under the coach quite dead. There was nothing, either in his pockets or in the saddle-bags, which were his only luggage, to show who he was; he was tall, good-looking, and unmistakably a gentleman; but there was no card or paper about him except a part of a letter, with the direction torn off, in a woman's hand to dearest L. complaining, conjuring, remonstrating, threatening to leave this detestable place, intermingled with passionate phrases of affection, but almost fierce in its tone." As he spoke, I felt as if I had once read an answer to a very similar letter ten years back at the dales. Was L., with his saddle-bags, on his way up to the dales to right poor Mary's wrongs, or soothe her sufferings at least? The passenger went on. "There was some sad story here, but none will ever know what it was. I went on by the next coach, but I heard afterwards that the body had been carried to the neighboring town; the news soon spread, and in due time a whole retinue of servants arrived from old Lord — to identify and bring it away. The dead man was his sister's son, whom he intended to have made his heir. There had been some fierce quarrel, however, between them about a foolish marriage, which the old man either tried to stop or would not acknowledge, no one knew which; whether they had ever been reconciled, or whether either had given way, no man ever knew or will know."

No indeed! The woman, the child, and most probably the man were all dead. And so ended my glimpse.

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, enfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.

F. P. VERNEY.

From *The Spectator*.
SOLOMON MAIMON.*

IT is certainly, as Dr. Clark Murray himself observes, a very strange thing that this fascinating piece of autobiography, which has been in existence something like ninety years, should never have been translated into English till now. George Eliot had seen "Solomon Maimon's *Lebensgeschichte*," and Dean Milman seems to have come upon extracts from it; but it has evidently been a rare book, not frequently met with by the English students of German literature, and Dr. Clark Murray has had the rare good fortune of first presenting this singularly vivid book in an English translation as pure and lively as if it were an original, and an original by a classic English writer. When we call Solomon Maimon's autobiography fascinating, we do not mean to say that the hero of it had in any respect an ideal character. A sceptical rabbi, a great Talmudist who despised the Talmud, an omnivorous reader of all such science as in the last century a Polish Jew (with no language but Hebrew at his command till he was nearly middle-aged) could get hold of, a genuine idler in literature who, though he could dash off a considerable spell of work in a short time, had no method in him, and always preferred slipshod effort to steady industry, a man whom want and misery had seduced into spasmodic fits of intemperance, which rather grew upon him towards the end, Solomon Maimon could no more pretend to a high character than our own Steele or Savage. Indeed, he made acquaintance with a deeper shade of degradation, in the conventional sense of the word, than any of the Bohemians of our English literature, for Maimon spent nearly half a year of his life as a beggar of the most miserable class, being taught

* *Solomon Maimon: an Autobiography*. Translated from the German, with Additions and Notes by J. Clark Murray, LL.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, F.R.S.A., M'Gill College, Montreal. Paisley and London: Alexander Gardner.

by his companion — a professional beggar — to give at least the impression that he cursed all who refused him alms, and not having made, apparently, during that time, the smallest effort to distinguish himself in either occupation or aim from the poor mendicant with whom he associated. It is plain that he was tolerably well accustomed to the lowest forms of physical wretchedness, and that he was more or less impatent of the habits and manners of gentlemen, which kept him under a restraint that was sometimes irksome to him. None the less he was a man of remarkable acquirements, being a learned Talmudist, for those times at least a not inconsiderable mathematician, and having in middle life mastered Latin, German, French, and English, besides the various Eastern dialects of which his Hebrew knowledge was the foundation. He had evidently a very great turn for physics, as well as for mathematics, and a wonderful capacity for the acquisition of languages without the slightest communication with those who could speak them, so that he knew a language fairly well of which he could not properly pronounce a single sentence. In character, too, Maimon was a Bohemian. He was candid, grateful, and generous, and full of kindly feelings. But he was conceited, irreverent, passionate, intolerant of the influence of others, and never really at ease among the class for which his knowledge fitted him. The study of the Talmud, too, which he began so early, thoroughly unfitted him for feeling the least respect for the element of authority in religion. The enormous mass of worthless refinements which it was the great merit of a learned Talmudist to invent, and the importance attached to purely nominal distinctions, soon turned him into an assailant of religious authority and dogma, which he did his best throughout his life to overthrow. While, therefore, he had some of the outward habits of a great Talmudist, his whole nature received from his Talmudic studies the sceptical bent by which his opinions throughout life were marked.

What makes the autobiography so interesting is its singular candor and simplicity. Married at the age of eleven, when he was already "a full rabbi," and a father at fourteen, Solomon Maimon lived fast. He was even more a child than a bridegroom when his bride outwitted him, and when he outwitted his mother-in-law, as he thus naïvely tells us: —

Here I must mention a little anecdote. I

had read in a Hebrew book of an approved plan for a husband to secure lordship over his better half for life. He was to tread on her foot at the marriage ceremony; and if both hit on the stratagem, the first to succeed would retain the upper hand. Accordingly, when my bride and I were placed side by side at the ceremony this trick occurred to me, and I said to myself, Now you must not let the opportunity pass of securing for your whole lifetime lordship over your wife. I was just going to tread on her foot, but a certain *Je ne sais quoi*, whether fear, shame, or love, held me back. While I was in this irresolute state, all at once I felt the slipper of my wife on my foot with such an impression that I should almost have screamed aloud if I had not been checked by shame. I took this for a bad omen and said to myself, Providence has destined you to be the slave of your wife, you must not try to slip out of her fitters. From my faint-heartedness and the heroic mettle of my wife, the reader may easily conceive why this prophecy had to be actually realized. I stood, however, not only under the slipper of my wife, but — what was very much worse — under the lash of my mother-in-law. Nothing of all that she had promised was fulfilled. Her house, which she had settled on her daughter as a dowry, was burdened with debt. Of the six years' board which she had promised me, I enjoyed scarcely half a year's, and this amid constant brawls and squabbles. She even, trusting to my youth and want of spirit, ventured now and then to lay hands on me, but this I repaid not infrequently with compound interest. Scarcely a meal passed during which we did not fling at each other's head, bowls, plates, spoons, and similar articles. Once I came home from the academy extremely hungry. As my mother-in-law and wife were occupied with the business of the public-house, I went myself into the room where the milk was kept; and as I found a dish of curds and cream, I fell upon it, and began to eat. My mother-in-law came as I was thus occupied, and screamed in rage, "You are not going to devour the milk with the cream!" The more cream the better, thought I, and went on eating, without disturbing myself by her cry. She was going to wrest the dish forcibly from my hands, beat me with her fists, and let me feel all her ill-will. Exasperated by such treatment, I pushed her from me, seized the dish, and smashed it on her head. That was a sight! The curds ran down all over her. She seized in rage a piece of wood, and if I had not cleared out in all haste, she would certainly have beat me to death. Scenes like this occurred very often. At such skirmishes of course my wife had to remain neutral, and whichever party gained the upper hand, it came home to her very closely. "Oh!" she often complained, "if only the one or the other of you had a little more patience!" Tired of a ceaseless open war I once hit upon a stratagem, which had a good effect for a short time at least. I rose about midnight,

took a large vessel of earthenware, crept with it under my mother-in-law's bed, and began to speak aloud into the vessel after the following fashion: "O Russia, Russia, you ungodly woman, why do you treat my beloved son so ill? If you do not mend your ways, your end is near, and you will be damned to all eternity." Then I crept out again, and began to pinch her cruelly; and after a while I slipped silently back to bed. The following morning she got up in consternation, and told my wife that my mother had appeared to her in a dream, and had threatened and pinched her on my account. In confirmation she showed the blue marks on her arm. When I came from the synagogue, I did not find my mother-in-law at home, but found my wife in tears. I asked the reason, but she would tell me nothing. My mother-in-law returned with dejected look, and eyes red with weeping. She had gone, as I afterwards learned, to the Jewish place of burial, thrown herself on my mother's grave, and begged for forgiveness of her fault. She then had the burial place measured, and ordered a wax-light as long as its circumference, for burning in the synagogue. She also fasted the whole day, and towards me showed herself extremely amiable. I knew, of course, what was the cause of all this, but acted as if I did not observe it, and rejoiced in secret over the success of my stratagem. In this manner I had peace for some time, but unfortunately it did not last long. The whole was soon forgotten again, and on the slightest occasion the dance went on as before.

Maimon had always a great contempt for the conventions of the world, whether those of the rabbinical caste or those of the social world in which he lived. But he had too much of the spirit of philosophy in him not to detect in himself the same weaknesses which he ridiculed in others, and he relates with great freshness and force the manner in which he exhorted himself and his friend Lapidoth not to let themselves be taken in by self-love when they instituted comparisons between their own manner of life and that of other people: —

Once when we were taking a walk on the wall round the town . . . I said to Lapidoth, "Friend, let us be fair, and pass our censure on ourselves, as well as on others. Is not the contemplative life which we lead, and which is by no means adapted to our circumstances, to be regarded as a result of our indolence and inclination to idleness, which we seek to defend by reflections on the vanity of all things? We are content with our present circumstances; why? Because we cannot alter them without first fighting against our inclination to idleness. With all our pretence of contempt for everything outside of us, we cannot avoid the secret wish to be able to enjoy better food and clothing than at present. We reproach our friends as vain men addicted to

the pleasures of sense, because they have abandoned our mode of life, and undertaken occupations adapted to their powers. But wherein consists our superiority over them, when we merely follow our inclination as they follow theirs? Let us seek to find this superiority merely in the fact, that we at least confess this truth to ourselves, while they profess as the motive of their actions, not the satisfaction of their own particular desires, but the impulse to general utility." Lapidoth, on whom my words produced a powerful impression, answered with some warmth, "Friend, you are perfectly right. If we cannot now mend our faults, we will not deceive ourselves about them, but at least keep the way open for amendment."

It is curious to observe how, when Maimon had thrown off his faith in Judaism, and found that he could not—consistently with his own habits of thought and convictions—make his living as a rabbi, he proposed to himself to become a Christian without professing to believe Christian dogma, on the ground that, as the end of all religion is action, and as Christianity is a much greater power in action than Judaism, he might reasonably join the Christian Church for the sake of the practical advantage it would give him in acting upon men, even though he could not believe Christian dogma in any sense except that of symbol and allegory: —

It occurred to me, therefore, that for me there was no alternative left, but to embrace the Christian religion, and get myself baptised in Hamburg. Accordingly, I resolved to go to the first clergyman I should come upon, and inform him of my resolution, as well as of my motives for it, without any hypocrisy, in a truthful and honest fashion. But as I could not express myself well orally, I put my thoughts into writing in German with Hebrew characters, went to a schoolmaster, and got him to copy it in German characters. The purport of my letter was, in brief, as follows: "I am a native of Poland, belonging to the Jewish nation, destined by my education and studies to be a rabbi; but in the thickest darkness I have perceived some light. This induced me to search further after light and truth, and to free myself completely from the darkness of superstition and ignorance. In order to this end, which could not be attained in my native place, I came to Berlin, where by the support of some enlightened men of our nation I studied for some years, —not indeed after any plan, but merely to satisfy my thirst for knowledge. But as our nation is unable to use, not only such planless studies, but even those conducted on the most perfect plan, it cannot be blamed for becoming tired of them, and pronouncing their encouragement to be useless. I have therefore resolved, in order to secure temporal as well as eternal

happiness, which depends on the attainment of perfection, and in order to become useful to myself as well as others, to embrace the Christian religion. The Jewish religion, it is true, comes, in its articles of faith, nearer to reason than Christianity. But in practical use the latter has an advantage over the former; and since morality, which consists not in opinions but in actions, is the aim of all religion in general, clearly the latter comes nearer than the former to that aim. Moreover, I hold the mysteries of the Christian religion for that which they are, that is, allegorical representations of the truths that are most important for man. By this means I make my faith in them harmonize with reason, but I cannot believe them according to their common meaning. I beg therefore most respectfully an answer to the question, whether after this confession I am worthy of the Christian religion or not. In the former case I am ready to carry my proposal into effect; but in the latter, I must give up all claim to a religion which enjoins me to lie, that is, to deliver a confession of faith which contradicts my reason." The schoolmaster, to whom I dictated this, fell into astonishment at my audacity; never before had he listened to such a confession of faith. He shook his head with much concern, interrupted the writing several times, and became doubtful, whether the mere copying was not itself a sin. With great reluctance he copied it out, merely to get rid of the thing. I went then to a prominent clergyman, delivered my letter, and begged for a reply. He read it with great attention, fell likewise into astonishment, and on finishing entered into conversation with me. "So," he said, "I see your intention is to embrace the Christian religion, merely in order to improve your temporal circumstances." "Excuse me, Herr Pastor," I replied, "I think I have made it clear enough in my letter, that my object is the attainment of perfection. To this, it is true, the removal of all hindrances and the improvement of my external circumstances form an indispensable condition. But this condition is not the chief end." "But," said the pastor, "do you not feel any inclination of the soul to the Christian religion without reference to any external motives?" "I should be telling a lie if I were to give you an affirmative answer." "You are too much of a philosopher," replied the pastor, "to be able to become a Christian. Reason has taken the upper hand with you, and faith must accommodate itself to reason. You hold the mysteries of the Christian religion to be mere fables, and its commands to be mere laws of reason. For the present I cannot be satisfied with your confession of faith. You should therefore pray to God, that He may enlighten you with His grace, and endow you with the spirit of true Christianity; and then come to me again." "If that is the case," I said, "then I must confess, Herr Pastor, that I am not qualified for Christianity. Whatever light I may receive, I shall always make it luminous

with the light of reason. I shall never believe that I have fallen upon new truths, if it is impossible to see their connection with the truths already known to me. I must therefore remain what I am, — a stiff-necked Jew. My religion enjoins me to *believe* nothing, but to *think* the truth and to *practise* goodness. If I find any hindrance in this from external circumstances, it is not my fault. I do all that lies in my power." With this I bade the pastor good-bye.

That reads quite like the suggestion of a modern sceptic that he is willing to sign any number of articles or creeds presented to him, on condition that he may take these acts of subscription as meaning no more than this, that he accepts the creeds subscribed as embodying generally a great practical system which he wishes to see adapted to the exigencies of modern needs and modern assumptions. Maimon would have subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles as cheerfully as any Oxford luminary during those days, not so long passed, when that requisition was the accepted mode of compelling a great heresiarch either to break with Oxford or to give a nominal assent to what he certainly did not believe. But Maimon, unlike some Oxford luminaries, was quite determined to explain exactly how little in his case the nominal act of assent really meant. Whatever else he did, he never condescended to subterfuge. He had a great intellectual pride of his own, in spite of all his Bohemianism and recklessness of life.

Maimon, though he took the most sceptical view of Kant's philosophy, accepting both Kant's and Hume's principles, and, in fact, holding Hume's view, as it were, behind Kant's view, — by which we mean that while he accepted Kant's account of our *a priori* conceptions, he accepted it as describing a purely subjective habit of thought which had no root in the reality of things, — earned the highest possible praise from Kant by the acuteness of his criticism on the "Pure Reason" of the German metaphysician. "None of my opponents," said Kant, speaking of Maimon's criticism, "had understood me and the main problem so well." Indeed, Kant added, "very few could claim so much penetration as Herr Maimon in profound inquiries of this sort." This was a great testimonial for Maimon, and, indeed, his mind seems to have been exactly adapted to enter into the transcendental philosophy with the view of showing it to have been a grand subjective illusion. But ill-regulated as was Maimon's mind and whole habit of life, there was something noble and gen-

erous in him to the end, and the pathetic account given by a Protestant pastor, Herr Tscheggey, of the last conversation he held with him in 1800, a few hours before his death, will fitly close our account of this learned intellectual vagabond, with his noble but wasted faculties and his vagrant aspirations : —

"I am sorry to find you so ill to-day, dear Maimon," said the pastor. "There will perhaps be some improvement yet," replied Maimon. "You look so ill," his friend proceeded, "that I am doubtful about your recovery." "What matters it after all?" said Maimon. "When I am dead, I am gone." "Can you say that, dear friend?" rejoined the clergyman, with deep emotion. "How? Your mind, which amid the most unfavorable circumstances ever soared to higher attainments, which bore such fair flowers and fruits — shall it be trodden in the dust along with the poor covering in which it has been clothed? Do you not feel at this moment that there is something in you which is not body, not matter, not subject to the conditions of space and time?" "Ah!" replied Maimon, "these are beautiful dreams and hopes —." "Which will surely be fulfilled," his friend broke in; and then, after a short pause, added, "You maintained not long ago that here we cannot reach further than to mere *legality*. Let this be admitted; and now perhaps you are about to pass over soon into a condition in which you will rise to the stage of *morality*, since you and all of us have a natural capacity for it. Why? Should you not wish now to come into the society of one whom you honored so much as Mendelssohn?" The zealous pastor says he gave the conversation this turn on purpose, in order to touch this side of the philosopher's heart. After a while the dying man exclaimed, "Ay me! I have been a foolish man, the most foolish among the most foolish — and how earnestly I wished it otherwise!" "This utterance," observed the pastor, "is also a proof that you are not yet in complete accord with your unbelief. No," he added, taking Maimon by the hand, "you will not all die; your spirit will surely live on." "So far as mere faith and hope are concerned, I can go a good way; but what does that help us?" was Maimon's reply. "It helps us at least to peace," urged the pastor. "I am at peace" (*Ich bin ruhig*), said the dying man, completely exhausted. Here Tscheggey broke off the conversation, as the sufferer was evidently unable to continue it. When he rose to leave, Maimon begged him to stay, or at least to come back again soon. He came back the following morning, but found the patient unconscious. At 10 o'clock on the same evening — it was the 22nd of November, 1800 — this strangely tossed life had reached its haven.

Such was the end of the learned Talmudist who, with a taste for natural sci-

ence and for transcendental metaphysics, never got any good out of the system in which he was born and bred except, indeed, the manifold brotherly kindness of which Jews are so lavish to their poorer brethren. The one charming aspect of this autobiography is the generosity which Maimon so often experienced at the hands of his richer Jewish acquaintances and friends, a generosity which he repaid by the most frank and cordial gratitude. Otherwise, this most vivid picture of a wasted life is one of almost unrelieved gloom.

From The Spectator.

A BULL-FIGHT AT BARCELONA.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

THE following account of the national pastime of Spain is taken from private letters : "A bull-fight is always a horrible thing; but to-day it was made worse by a serious, perhaps fatal accident. The picador Rafael Alonso, surnamed El Chato, is now lying between life and death at the infirmary, with a wound three centimetres deep in his right side. I thought this morning that the wounds of the horses would affect me more than any hurt a man might receive; for it is easy to see that the men go into the fight knowing the risk, and are therefore less to be pitied than the animals. I saw to-day four bulls tortured to death and five horses butchered, only one of which was killed straight off. But all that has passed from my mind, and the only thing I can see now is that awful, white, upturned face convulsed with pain, and the stiff, lifeless figure being carried out. I waited to see that bull killed — and he died very hard — then went away at once. I had not felt so much horror and disgust as I expected at the treatment of the horses. If you try hard, it is easy not to see the worst points; but when I saw the poor picador carried out, as most people thought, dead, I felt it was a wicked, criminal thing to sit there consenting unto his death. After all, was he not killed more or less for my amusement? It is a horrible thought. There is some hope that he will live, though the newspaper *El Talio* of this evening has a note at the end, 'El pobre Chato esta agravendose mucho.'

"Having found my seat, I made friends with an ancient Spaniard who sat next me with his wife and daughter. We at once

entered into conversation, and finding that my Spanish was not first-class, he began to talk French — very bad French — in which his wife, who spoke it pretty well, joined in. She and her daughter were there, like me, for the first time. During the butchery of the horses, they both turned round and fixed their eyes on the people behind, not moving till the trumpet sounded for the next scene. I rather fancy this is nowadays the right thing for Spanish, or at least Catalan ladies to do. The old gentleman got tremendously excited over the fights; but a little before the third bull was killed, he retired precipitately, and his wife remarked, 'Mon mari a toujours mal ici,' with a gesture which may be understood; 'toujours, toujours.' In fact, he had just retired in order to be ill, as he might have gone to the side of a steamer. He returned in a short time none the worse, and as much excited as ever, shouting with enthusiasm for the torreadors. I must say I applauded Gallito myself enthusiastically; he was so magnificently calm and fearless, treating the bull's rushes as coolly as I treat Glen's (my collie's) assaults. However, to get on. The president and his party having come into their box, the procession came out of the *cuadra* immediately below me, and went up to salute him. First came the two *alquazils*, in antiquated black costumes, on fat white horses, a great contrast to the poor brutes the picadors rode. After them came six or eight *chulos* on foot, two-and-two, with their silk cloaks thrown on their left shoulders, left arm akimbo, right hanging by their side. Then the six picadors, dressed in what I have always imagined to be the sort of costume of a Spanish-American planter, with large white sombreros, riding the most wretched-looking horses. Then the two matadors, Cara Ancha and Fernando Gallito, the first of them in *vestia granate con oro viejo*, the second *lucia un bellissimo terno a que con flota*, — Cara Ancha's dress a kind of orange, Gallito's blue with silver. They did not wear their hair in a net, like the *chulos*, but in a very elaborate pigtail. Last of all came the *tiros* — that is, the teams of four white horses — drawing a kind of bar with a hook, to drag the dead horses and bulls off the arena. They also were fat and well-looking, ornamented with red and yellow ribbons. With these came their attendants, smart-looking men in white jackets, some of them very handsome. The *tiro* must always be as splendid as possible; the crowd enjoys it immensely.

The bull, on first coming out, is doubtful what to do generally. Then the *chulos* make for him and attract him with their cloaks. The object of everything, waving the cloaks for him to run at, boring him with spears, sticking *banderillos* into him, and all that, is not only to irritate the bull, but to fatigue him, and so make him an easier prey to the matador at last. Consequently, the picador has really the most dangerous part of the work. He has to meet the bull when quite fresh. He cannot slip out of the way as the *chulos* do. He has only a weak old horse to trust to, often badly wounded, and a spear which only serves to irritate and worry the bull, without doing him any serious harm. These same weak old horses, however, devote themselves heroically to save their riders. As no horses in their senses would face a wild bull, they have a yellow bandage over their eyes, generally over the right eye only, as the picador always presents the right side to the bull; but even then they often won't advance. In that case, the attendants beat them, and even lead them by the bridle in front of the bull. Once well opposite to him, the picador brandishes his spear to attract the bull's attention. The bull puts down his head and paws the ground a bit. This is a formality which no well-bred bull would think of omitting. During this time the picador chooses the spot to hit with his spear, always on the shoulder. Finally, the bull dashes at the horse. Often he fails to gore him; often he raises his head too soon, and just strokes the horse's flanks with his forehead or nose. The picador never misses his point, and the bull's shoulders are pretty red before this act finishes. I saw a good many picadors thrown, some even when their horses were unwounded; in one case, the horse not being hurt, but the rider thrown, the long bridle, as it escaped from his hands, fell on the bull's horns, and the horse was dragged some way round the ring before they got loose again. Another time, a picador was thrown right in front of the bull. Three *chulos*, totally regardless of their own lives, rushed in and distracted the bull's attention, and the man got up and remounted amid frantic cheering. Yet when the poor Chato was gored, there was not a sign of sympathy. The fourth bull, a dun bull, the others having been black, was evidently from the first a very tough customer. He came out of the *toril* like a shell from a gun, and made straight for one of the *chulos* at the other end, who, after literally running for his

life, just got over the barrier in time. The bull did not run at his cloak, but went straight at the man, and it was a mercy he escaped. Poor Rafael did not have the same luck. I do not very well remember how it began, but my impression is that the bull charged him. This would be very unusual, as all bulls fear the spear — I believe it is used by the vaqueros in driving them — but all the spectators agreed that this was an unusually bold and ferocious bull. It is only on the idea of the bull attacking him that I can conceive the picador getting into such an awkward place. The bull had him jammed against the barrier. He rushed at the horse and gored it three times in rapid succession, the poor brute falling dead without a struggle. The picador rose in the stirrups, but the great heavy wooden stirrup hampered him, and then the bull attacked him. Once the horn was turned aside by the leather and iron defence he wore; the second time it was driven into his side. It was a horrible sight. The chulos rushed at the bull with that splendid courage which atones for a great deal of the horrors of the fight, and the bull's attention was drawn away. No sound of complaint escaped the picador. Slowly and laboriously he got one leg over the barrier. There were plenty of attendants to help him, and he was pulled over. For one moment he straightened himself in the arms of the men, and it was then I saw turned to me the colorless face, with its horrible look of agony. Then I think he fainted, and was carried out quite stiff and rigid in the arms of his bearers. 'Il est mort, ce picador,' said the old gentleman next me, quite calmly. I should have liked to have thrown him down into the ring! Do you suppose the people cared? Not they! *Los muertos no tienen amigos* is one of their proverbs. Another picador mounted hastily to take the vacant place.

"As a further instance of the feeling of the people, I may add what happened with another bull. No sooner was it perceived that he had killed his third horse, than the enthusiasts on the lower seats near the ring rose *en masse* and cheered the bull to the echo, waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and shouting, 'Bravo toro, bravo! Viva toro!' A minute afterwards, the bull was bellowing pitifully with pain and bewilderment, two skilfully planted banderillos having gone deep into him, and the spectators jeered and mocked at his pain as fiercely as they had applauded before. My neighbor was very enthusiastic. 'Un carincero,' he remarked, ex-

ultingly, 'A real butcher,' as the third horse fell; and even tried to express himself in English, holding out three fingers saying, 'Three, three horse.'

"The death-scene when the bull is killed is very horrible. The only redeeming point is the magnificent coolness of the matador. It is beneath his dignity to jump out of the way as the chulos do. A mere turn of the foot gets him as much out of the way as he deigns to go. And when he is meditating his stroke, he is grand, standing straight in front of the bull, not two yards off, calmly poising his sword and selecting the right place to strike the infuriated wild beast, who has all the will to kill him, and really the power, but who is helpless as a little puppy-dog before the terrible skill of *el diestro*, 'the cunning man,' as the historians of the ring delight to call him. The matador has a scarlet flag, which irritates the bull much more than the crimson cloak of the chulos. They all have little tricks of bravado. Cara Ancha would wrap his sword in the flag and hold it out to the bull, to show that he could not use it to defend himself. Gallito, instead of drawing the flag away when the bull made his rush, would calmly draw it over his back. This he did five times without moving from his place, turning round each time as the bull, recovering himself after the first rush, turned and dashed at him again. That time I myself applauded; it was really a very grand sight. But the killing was horrible. On two occasions the bull was killed with one blow, the nearest thing to the *foudroyant* death-stroke of which Ford speaks, that I saw. But then there was very little applause. It was too merciful a death. The third and fourth bulls were killed in a way which was a disgrace to humanity. It may seem a strange thing to say, but the most horrible sight of all to me is the extinction of the bull's intelligence before his death. A time comes when he gets quite stupid. He stares vacantly at the red flags, which no longer excite him; he evidently can no longer understand what is going on, and sometimes at this point he gives a perfectly heartrending bellow, which seems a last despairing appeal to be allowed at least to die in peace. The fierce dun bull which had gored the picador, and which had quite worn himself out with his wild rushes at the beginning, remained a long time in this state. Though he had gored the poor picador, I must say I felt 'a great disposition to cry,' when the poor, gallant wild beast died. To hear the bulls' cries for

mercy in their poor, inarticulate language that no one but God understands, and to hear it met with brutal, pitiless jeering, is very dreadful. Thank heaven, the horses didn't cry. I don't think I could have stood that. In any case, it is a horrible and degrading sport, which ought to be put down by force."

From Chambers' Journal.
A NOVEL ASCENT.

SOME little time since, under the title of "A Subaqueous Excursion," we embodied our impressions on visiting the caissons of the Forth Bridge at Queensferry, and portrayed the scenes enacted in the air-chambers, where, some ninety feet below water-level, the foundations of the huge structure were being excavated. All this is now changed; the busy workers no longer ply pick and shovel deep down beneath the water; but high up in mid-air above the "gallant Forth" are rearing the steel superstructure of the giant cantilevers. The main steel piers are now erected to their full height, and their ascent forms an expedition so novel and unique, that we have endeavored briefly to depict our experiences in gaining the summit.

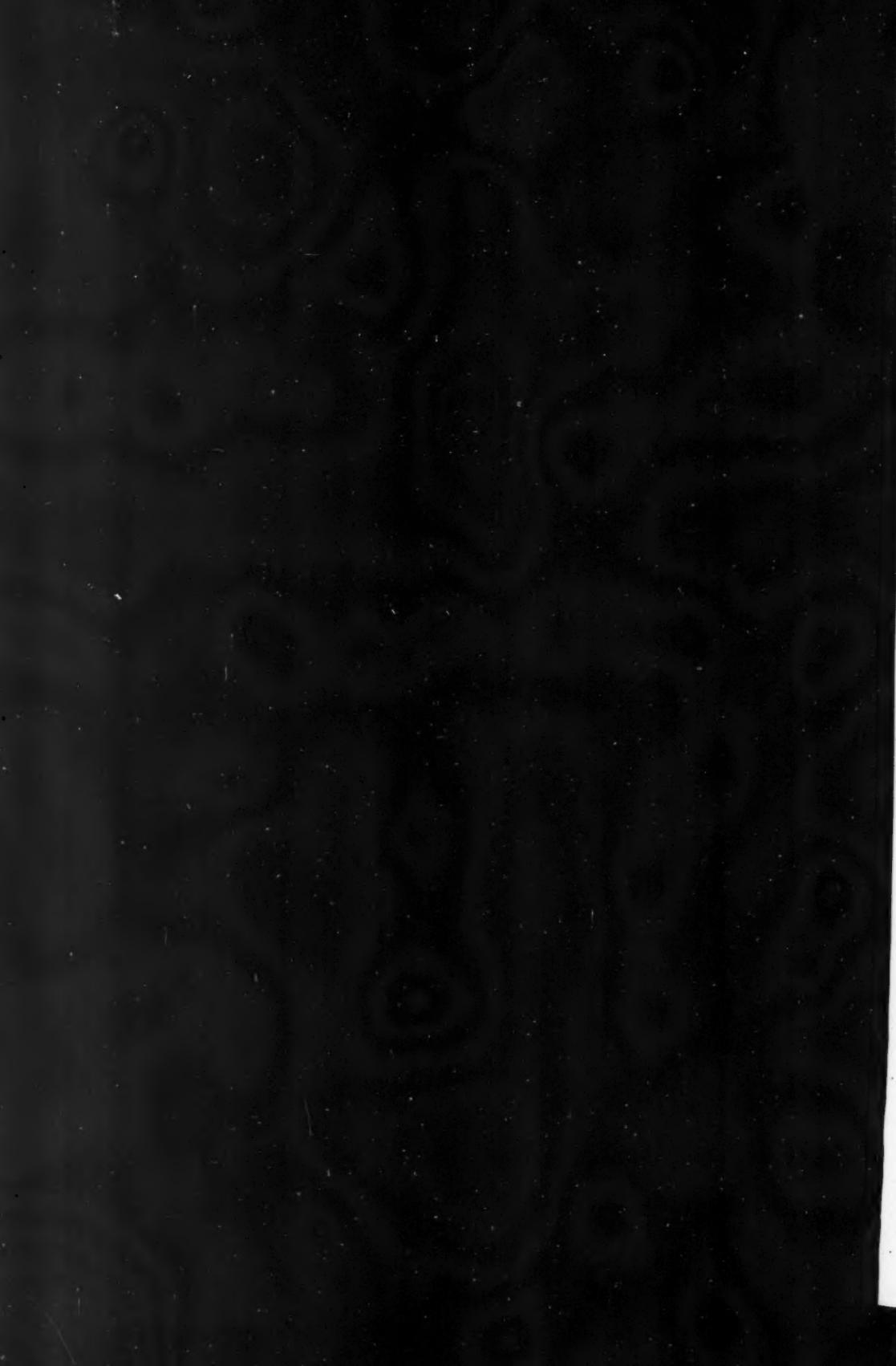
Leaving the classic Hawes Inn, immortalized in "The Antiquary," and which at one time or another has sheltered many historic personages on their way across the Forth, a steam-launch conveys us to Inchgarvie, the island in mid-channel. We pause on landing, and look upwards at the mighty towering structure. The Forth Bridge stands three hundred and sixty feet above water-level, below which its foundations at their greatest depth extend some ninety feet — giving an over-all measurement of about four hundred and fifty feet — a height but little exceeded by the Great Pyramid of Egypt, which reaches four hundred and sixty feet, or by Cologne Cathedral and Old St. Paul's, standing respectively five hundred and ten and five hundred and eight feet above ground-level.

The "cage" which we now enter will accommodate about a dozen men. It is

strongly constructed of steel, and differs but little from those similarly employed in coal-mines. The bar across the entrance is closed; a signal is given to the man in charge of the winding engine, and we are off. Visits to collieries have been so frequently described, that the sensations generally experienced are tolerably familiar, at least on paper, even to those who have never personally ventured on that somewhat trying novelty. But here all is reversed. The same cage is attached to a wire rope, wound by a similar hauling engine; but darkness gives place to light, and the dread feeling of sinking into the bowels of the earth never to return yields to a sensation of easy and luxurious elevation and airy ascension, as we rise higher and higher through complex masses of bracing and strutting, till we land on the platform at the summit, and jumping from the cage, experience a pleasing sense of exhilaration in the fresh breezes, the vast expanse of country open to our gaze, and the thought that we have beneath us the largest railway bridge in the world.

A glance over the edge reveals to us the very great height at which we stand. Far below in the giddy depth we see men, reduced to the size of pygmies, hurrying about; whilst the guardship is dwarfed into a toy-boat. The view is one never to be forgotten. It is a clear day, and one by one we see the islands of the Forth reposing on its placid surface, and mark the grand outline of the western hills, fading away into the blue distance. Arthur's Seat stands sharply marked against the glowing skies, and the smoky canopy of Auld Reekie fringes the glories of the beautiful grounds of Dalmeny. Turning northwards, Inverkeithing and "Dunfermline gray" lie almost at our feet, and the Ochil Hills flank a scene seldom if ever surpassed.

We turn from the beauties of nature to the gigantic cantilevers beneath our feet, and mark the busy workers at their toil. No light task that, to labor hour after hour betwixt heaven and earth, summer and winter. All honor to British pluck and determination, to the minds that direct, and the hands that execute such an undertaking!



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